

Adair County News

VOLUME XXVI

COLUMBIA, KENTUCKY, TUESDAY NOV. 28, 1922.

NUMBER 6

It Stilled the Car.

Last Sunday night, about eleven o'clock, Gordon Page met with a frightful accident, on the pike, opposite the Christian church. He was in his car and was entering town, from the East section of the city. His lights were dim, but he was going at a lively speed. When he reached the cemetery he lost control of the car, and it left the pike near the Christian church, ran against a telephone pole 14 inches in diameter, cut it square off at the butt, and wrecked his car. Fortunately he was not hurt.

Notice.

To each and every owner of any Dog of any kind, you are hereby requested to call and settle your tax for the year 1923, as the law directs.

Respt.,

S. C. Neat, Clerk Adair County Court.

For God and Country.

Sunday, December 3, 1922. 1. Education in the home; 2. Education in the school; Education in the church. Slogan—A Godly nation cannot fail. Ministers of all denominations are urged to preach a sermon on education, either morning or evening of this date. By request of the American Legion.

Albert Bryant,
Commander, Adair Post-99.

Notice.

Upholstering done at Marshall's Undertaker and Cabinet shop.

6-2t

Mrs. Mary Biggs has received a letter from Rev. L. J. B. Smith, a former pastor of the Baptist church, this place, stating that he will be married in New Zealand in the near future to a young lady of Scotch parentage.

See our new line of shirts and neckwear.

L. E. Young.

Thanksgiving services, Thursday, the 30th day of this month, will be observed here. The services will be held in the Baptist church, the song service to be conducted by Rev. Carson Taylor, the Devotional by Eld. J. I. Wheeler. The sermon will be preached by Rev. R. L. Sleamaker. A large attendance is expected.

Wanted.

A young man that knows something about the blacksmith trade to learn to cut monuments. Steady job. All inside work. Call or write, Joe C. Simms, Lebanon, Ky.

6-3t

Are the Christians of Columbia getting ready for the meeting which starts next Sunday at the Methodist church? A meeting can not do any good unless the church members get right themselves.

Good Service.

If you want to save money on your Flak and new Giant cord tires and tubes go to

Ford Service Station,

J. M. Callison, Prop.,
Cane Valley, Ky.

6-4t

An entertainment at Tabor Saturday night, Dec. 2nd, for the benefit of the school and church. Admission 15 cents.

Rubbed into the skin for rheumatism, neuralgia, contracted muscles, sprains or lameness, Ballard's Snow Liniment goes right through the flesh to the bone, easing pain and removing the cause. It is a powerful pain relief. Three sizes, 30c, 60c and \$1.20 per bottle. Sold by Paul Drug Co.

Rev. Gross came out from Louisville and filled his appointments at the Presbyterian church last Sunday forenoon and evening.

To Tobacco Growers.

Discussing the question of the taxation of tobacco in the hands of the growers which was presented to the State Tax Commission by Vice Presidents James N. Kehoe and Bush W. Allin of the Burley Tobacco Growers Co-operative Association. Mr. Kehoe said the growers were not asking any favors or any special consideration, but that they simply asked their constitutional right to exemption of farm products from taxation for a year after they are grown.

"We simply claim that, under the constitution, farm products are exempt from taxation for one year from the time they are grown," said Mr. Kehoe. "The purpose of the framers of the constitution in that exemption was to encourage agricultural production and, consequently, reasonably low prices for food products."

"We learned at Frankfort that the farmers of Kentucky have been paying taxes on farm products assessed at \$36,000,000, when as a matter of law that property ought not to have been assessed at all. The amount we expect to save the farmers who are members of the Burley co-operative is a tremendous sum, hundreds of thousands of dollars in the long run, and our contention is that none of this tax should be paid by the growers."

Big line of flannel shirts and underwear with prices right.

L. E. Young.

The same man that was arrested here for forging a check and was carried to Liberty where the money was procured, stole an automobile belonging to the sheriff of Casey county, which was turned over to the owner. The man Hudson, who did the forging and also stole the machine, was in Columbia with it. He went to C. B. Hutchison's store and had seven gallons of gas put in. He then asked for oil. While Mr. Hutchison was drawing it, the machine man hurriedly drove out of town, leaving the gas bill.

wear the Punctureless Hosiery for sale by

L. E. Young.

Fiddler's Convention to be held at Breeding School, on Thanksgiving night. Anybody may enter as a contestant that wishes. First prize, \$5.00; second, \$3.00; third, \$2.00. Admission, 15c. Everybody invited. Sanford Hurt, Teacher.

Public Sale.

On Dec. 16th, 1922, I will offer for sale my residence at Casey Creek, Ky. A good home for any body. Ideal location for a Doctor.

4-5t

A. F. Scott.

The different Churches in Columbia should look over their lists of membership and see that the poorer class is remembered. Kind fortune does not smile on every family, and those who are not able to buy should be furnished with presents for their children. Make your selections now and at the proper time send in to the committee who will receive and distribute them. Christmas will be here in a very short time. When the children are receiving their Christmas mementoes, the angels in heaven are singing hallelujah.

For Sale.

Hard Brick near the upper Bridge \$2.50 per hundred. Call or see U. M. Grider or Otha Hadley at Kiln.

2-tf

If the bowels do not act regularly, assist them with an occasional dose of Herbine. It is a fine bowel tonic and laxative. Price 60c. Sold by Paul Drug Co.

Lost.

Black silk parasol with black and white ring and tips. Finder will please call

Mrs. Hamlett.

Uninteresting Game.

The Campbellsville High School basket ball team that visited Columbia last Friday night, was evidently out of commission. It went up against the High School team of this place, and the game was promptly called in the latter's gym. It was plain from the start that the visiting team would record but few scores. It was so one-sided the witnesses failed to be entertained. The contest closed, Columbia High having 52 scores, Campbellsville High School 10.

Just out. The latest thing in slip on and coat sweaters. See them before buying.

L. E. Young.

Eloped.

The News-Journal, Campbellsville, says:

Wallace Coffey, of Columbia, and Miss Mattie Malone, daughter of Mrs. Mattie Malone, of this place, stole a march on their friends Tuesday night by eloping to Jeffersonville and getting married. The young couple have many friends to wish them much happiness.

Public Sale.

Thursday, Dec. 7, 1922, at my farm near Craycraft, Ky., I will sell to the highest bidder: 4 head of work horses; 4 mules; 2 milk cows; 27 head of hogs; 2 farm wagons (Weber and Bain); 1 buggy, good as new; 2 sets of buggy harness; farm implements, consisting of: Plows of all kinds, wheat drill, Disk Harrow, A Harrow; a lot of Garden tools; a lot of plow and Wagon Harness; About 100 barrels of corn; twenty or thirty thousand pounds of hay; 2 logging outfits, consisting of, Bolsters, Chauls, Cant-hooks, Snaking Tongs, and many other things not mentioned above.

Those desiring time on purchases of sums over \$10.00. will be given up to 12 months, upon the execution of a note negotiable and payable at the Bank of Columbia, bearing interest at the rate of 6 per cent. from date until paid.

U. M. Grider.

L. B. Hurt, Auctioneer.

Rev. H. L. Thompson has presented us with a lot of tomatoes grown in his garden. So it will be seen that while Eld. Z. T. Williams is having his fill of this delicious vegetable in San Antonio Texas, Rev. Thompson is furnishing his friend with real nice ripe ones grown in the town of Columbia, Ky.

Rusty nail wounds, festering sores, burns and scalds heal rapidly when Liquid Borozone is applied. It is both antiseptic and healing. Price, 30c, 60c and \$1.20. Sold by Paul Drug Co.

Notice.

Call and see my line of hand made walnut furniture. If I haven't got what you want will make it. Bring your broken furniture and have it mended.

Marshall's Cabinet.

Shop over Rasner's store.

4-3t.

Forged a Check.

Last Wednesday Jas. Hudson was arrested as he was coming to Columbia, charged with forging a check of \$70 which was paid by a bank at Liberty, Ky. Rev. Patton's name was signed to the check. The officers of this county were notified, and Sheriff Geo. Coffey caught Hudson as he was nearing this place. Soon after being arrested he was conveyed to Liberty. A man named Price was arrested with him, charged with being implicated. He was also conveyed to Liberty.

Mr. W. S. Griffin offers a splendid Taylor county farm for sale, near Rome, in the News this week. If you want a farm go see this one.

Won His Suit.

Mr. J. Claud Miller, who was reared in this county, a grandson of the late J. P. Miller, who is a contractor and now resides at Campbellsville, and at present is finishing the Bank of Columbia and the brick and concrete gymnasium at the Lindsey-Wilson, recently brought suit in the Marion Circuit Court against Lewis & Drye for \$6,921.41, the amount due him on a contract price for building a Ford Garage for the defendants in Lebanon. The defendants refused to pay and alleged that there were defects in the building. It was a long drawn out case, ending in Miller getting judgment for \$4,337.11 with interest from July 1st 1921 and the cost of the action. Miller was represented by Gen. James Garnett, of Louisville, and Mr. W. H. Spagens; the plaintiff by P. K. and H. S. McElroy.

For Sale.

One Grant Six touring car, one Ford Sedan. Both cars in good condition. Ford Service Station, J. M. Callison, Prop., Cane Valley, Ky.

6-4t

Bandits Rob a Missouri Bank.

St. Joseph, Mo., Nov. 23.—The days of the hard riding, quick shooting James boys, who raided Gallatin, Mo., half a century ago, were recalled today when six bandits robbed the First National Bank of \$4,000 in gold and currency. This time the speedy ponies which would sprint the instant their masters finished the job and jumped back to the saddle were missing, but the watchers, holding the crowd of citizens at bay while "inside men" grabbed the loot, the detonation of the exploding vault, the cornering of the night watchman, the wounding of the exceedingly curious and the hurried getaway, all were present.

Today's bandits came by motor. They overlooked an extra \$10,000 in their hurry to depart, and they used sawed off shotguns instead of revolvers to keep the crowd intimidated.

John Chamberlain, the night watchman, and Frank Woodruff, a hotel-keeper, who were wounded, are not considered in a serious condition.

Notice.

The Tax Books are now ready for you to pay State and County Tax. Come and pay before the penalty goes on.

Ceo. Coffey, S. A. C.

It is said that the Campbellsville pike from Columbia to the Taylor county line is in better condition than it has been for the last twenty years. The Taylor county end is kept up by Mr. G. H. Gowdy, and it is most generally in the finest condition.

Lost.

Saturday, Nov. 11, I lost my Airdale dog at the toll gate near Green River bridge. He has a bunch of hair cut off his back and is sandy colored. He answers to the name of Sandy or Duffy. I will appreciate it if you will call the News Office.

Barkesdale Hamlett,
Columbia, Ky.

Ball Games Thanksgiving.

Columbia High School Basket Ball team will play the Monticello High School team on Wednesday night, November 29th. On Thursday night, November 30th, Jamestown will play Monticello. Both Games at C. H. S. gym.

For Sale.

Sheet iron stove, 26 inches long. Call News office.

Akin & Son's Chairs sold by Dohoney & Dohoney.

Well Known About Purdy.

Mrs. Rhoda J. White, 68 years old, widow of the late John J. White, died suddenly Saturday evening at the home of her son, Mont Burton, residing at Elkhorn. Death was due to heart trouble which came as a shock to her relatives and friends. Mrs. White was a splendid Christian woman and was well liked by a large number of friends. She was born and reared in Adair county and had twice been married. Surviving her are 4 daughters and two sons, Mrs. Louetta Fisher, of Shawnee, Okla.; Mrs. Lizzie McDaniel and Miss Ethel White, of Ohio; Mrs. Riley Christie and Mont Burton, of this county, and Ernest Burton, of Adair county, all of whom, with the exception of Mrs. McDaniel, were in attendance at the funeral. Funeral services were held at the home of her son at Elkhorn Tuesday afternoon, conducted by the Rev. Kemper, and interment was in the Elkhorn cemetery.—The News Journal.

If your child eats ravenously at times and at other times has no appetite at all, look out for worms. White's Cream Vermifuge is the remedy to use. It clears them out. Price, 35c. Sold by Paul Drug Co.

Mr. and Mrs. Chelcie Barger entertained the 500 Club on last Thursday evening. After the game a delicious lunch was served. The following were present: Dr. and Mrs. C. M. Russell, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Irwin Fraser, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hill, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Cravens, Mr. and Mrs. Eros Barger, Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Lyon and Miss Minnie Triplett.

For Sale.

Full stock Mammoth bronze Turkey. Mrs. Ed Hood. Phone No 83 m.

Thursday will be Thanksgiving. It is expected that all business men will close their doors and attend services at the Baptist church. All living about town should attend thanking God for the manifold blessings that have been bestowed upon them.

Wanted.

Hickory Spokes 2½x2½x29, \$35.00 to \$40.00 per 1,000.
2½x2½x29, \$25.00 and \$30.00 per 1,000.
1½x2½x26, \$15.00 per 1,000.
Delivered on my yard at the old Spoke mill at Columbia.

Norman Morrison.

5-3t

Will Remove to Columbia.

Mr. Albin Murray sold the dwelling, on Burkesville street, that has been occupied by Mr. Ed Sinclair for almost a year, to Mr. Joe Dulworth, last Tuesday, for \$2,300. The place had not been deeded to Mr. Sinclair and he readily consented to the trade. Mr. Dulworth is a young man with a wife and two children, and will remove with his family to this property the first of the year. We are also told that although reared on a farm, he will make some kind of business in Columbia. The Dulworth people are full of energy, hence there is no doubt but he will make a success at the business he decides to launch.

Sewing Wanted

Will do you right? Please you in Price.

Mrs. L. E. Bradley,
Emma Page.

Twenty-seven days from the date of this paper until Christmas day. On that day if you wish to Remember a friend, select that present now, as the opportunity to make a choice is better now than it will be later.

Wanted.

Ash Billets 3x3x39, 15c each. R. L. Wethington, Grader.

50 tf

"October."

By S. P. Stapp

Nature doth now appear
In dress more beautiful and gay
Than Winter's snow or flowers of May
October days are here.
With red and brown and gold,
The woodlands are all gayly clad;
Yet still, there comes a thought
That's sad,
The year is growing old.
The chilly winds fast brings
The varicolored leaves to earth
To warm its bosom, till the birth
Of flowers and plants in Spring.
Ripe ears from cornshocks nod;
The meadows still with grass are
green;
On land-scapes everywhere is seen
The charming goldenrod.
Rich nuts are falling down
From laden boughs. The Squirrels
stir
Amidst the prickly chestnut burs,
Where nuts are crisp and brown.
And high athwart the sky
In changing, yet in perfect form,
From regions cold to climes more
warm,
The wild geese southward fly.
Most beautiful of all
The months throughout the chang-
ing year,
October! Give us thy cheer,
Thou charming month of Fall.
In years as we grow old,
And must put off our dress so fair,
Our Summer's dress, may we then
wear
October's dress of gold.

For reasonable prices on all kinds of repair work on your car, go to,
Ford Service Station,
J. M. Callison Prop.,
Cane Valley, Ky.

6-4t.

Mr. L. N. Richards, representing the Kentucky Children's home, Society Louisville, was in our midst a day or two last week. He was not here soliciting funds, but to inaugurate a movement among the different schools of the county, to advance the interest of this great institution that is caring for and educating the poor children of the State.

Wanted

Ash Billets 3x3x39, 15c each.
R. L. Wethington, Grader.

50-tf

Died Last Wednesday Night.

Miss Mollie Breeding, aged forty-eight, who lived in the Absher section, died last Monday night after a long illness. She was a sister of Mr. Ed Breeding, and was a lady who had the friendship and respect of the entire neighborhood. Her funeral and burial were largely attended.

If you want a chair that will last you a lifetime, see The Akin's Chair at Dohoney & Dohoney.

Remember that next Thursday will be Thanksgiving and that the services will be held at the Baptist Church. The business hours of Columbia are expected to close from 11 a. m. until 1 p. m.

Shoes.

Closing out my entire stock at half price and less.

L. M. Smith,
Cane Valley, Ky.

3-2t

Rev. Jesse L. Murrell solemnized marriage vows between the following last week: Wm. Thompson to Miss Jennie Bailey; J. H. Carleton to Miss Dora Floyd.

Wanted.

Ash Billets 3x3x39, 15c each.
R. L. Wethington, Grader.

50 tf

Attend Thanksgiving services at the Baptist church.

The Strength Of The Pines

by
Edison Marshall
Author of "The Voice of the Pack"

Illustrations by
Irwin Myers



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SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—At the death of his foster father, Bruce Duncan, in an eastern city, receives a mysterious message, sent by Mrs. Ross, summoning him preperantly to southern Oregon to meet "Linda."

CHAPTER II.—Bruce has vivid but baffling recollections of his childhood in an orphanage, before his adoption by Newton Duncan, with the girl Linda.

CHAPTER III.—At his destination, Trail's End, news that a message has been sent to Bruce is received with marked displeasure by a man introduced to the reader as "Simon."

CHAPTER IV.—Leaving the train, Bruce is astonished at his apparent familiarity with the surroundings, though to his knowledge he has never been there.

CHAPTER V.—Obedient to the message, Bruce makes his way to Martin's crossroads store, for direction as to reaching Mrs. Ross' cabin.

CHAPTER VI.—On the way, "Simon," sternly warns him to give up his quest and return East. Bruce refuses.

CHAPTER VII.—Mrs. Ross, aged and infirm, welcomes him with emotion. She hastens him on his way—the end of "Pine-Needle Trail."

CHAPTER VIII.—Through a country puzzlingly familiar, Bruce journeys, and finds his childhood playmate, Linda.

CHAPTER IX.—The girl tells him of wrongs committed by an enemy clan on her family, the Rosses. Lands occupied by the clan were stolen from the Rosses, and the family with the exception of Aunt Elmira (Mrs. Ross) and herself, wiped out by assassination. Bruce's father, Matthew Folger, was one of the victims. His mother had fled with Bruce and Linda. The girl, while small, had been kidnapped from the orphanage and brought to the mountains. Linda's father had deeded his lands to Matthew Folger, but the agreement, which would confute the enemy's claims to the property, has been lost.

CHAPTER X.—Bruce's mountain blood responds to the call of the blood-feud.

CHAPTER XI.—A giant tree, the Sentinel Pine, in front of Linda's cabin, seems to Bruce's excited imagination to be endeavoring to convey a message.

CHAPTER XII.—Bruce sets out in search of a trapper named Hudson, a witness to the agreement between Linda's father and Matthew Folger.

CHAPTER XIII.—A gigantic grizzly, known as the Killer, is the terror of the vicinity, because of his size and ferocity.

CHAPTER XIV.—Dave Turner, sent by Simon, bribes Hudson to swear falsely concerning the agreement, if brought to light, he knowing its whereabouts.

CHAPTER XV.—Hudson and Dave visit the former's trap. A wolf, caught in one, is discovered by the Killer. Disturbed at his feast, the brute strikes down Hudson. Bruce, on his way to Hudson, shoots and wounds the Killer, driving him from his victim. Hudson, learning Bruce's identity, tries to tell him the hiding place of the agreement, but death summons him.

CHAPTER XVI.—Simon, believing Bruce knows where the document is concealed, lays plans to trap him.

CHAPTER XVII.—Dave decoys Linda and Aunt Elmira from their home. The man insults Linda and is struck down by the aged woman. Elmira's son has been murdered by Dave, and at her command, after securing binding of the desperado, Linda leaves them alone.

CHAPTER XVIII.—Returning, Linda finds a note, presumably from Bruce, telling him she has been kidnapped by the Turners.

CHAPTER XIX.—Bruce falls into Simon's trap, and is made prisoner.

CHAPTER XX.—Charging Bruce with attempting to reopen the blood-feud, the clan, after a mock trial, decides to leave him bound, in a pasture on the spot where the Killer had slain and half eaten a calf the night before. They look for the return of the grizzly and the probable slaying of Bruce by the animal.

CHAPTER XXI.—Bruce, helpless, awaits arrival of the Killer and death.

CHAPTER XXII.—Simon makes Linda an offer of marriage. The girl refuses, telling him she loves Bruce. Enraged, the man brutally strikes her, and leaves. The girl is confident he will go to Bruce, and she follows him.

CHAPTER XXIII.—Her surmise is correct. Simon visiting his helpless enemy, to gloat over him. With the Killer actually sniffling at Bruce's body, Linda, on horseback, arrives, wounds the animal, and carries her lover away.

CHAPTER XXIV.—Despite their apparent helplessness, Bruce and Linda decide to keep up the fight.

CHAPTER XXV

Toward the end of the afternoon Linda saddled and rode down the trail toward Martin's store. She had considerable business to attend to. Among other things, she was going to buy thirty-three cartridges—all that Martin had in stock. She had some hope of securing an extra gun or two with shells to match. The additional space in her pack was to be filled with provisions.

For she was faced with the unpleasant fact that her larder was nearly empty. The jerked venison was almost gone; only a little flour and a few canned things remained. She had space for only small supplies on the horse's back, and there would be no luxuries among them. Their fare had been plain up to this time; but from now on it was to consist of only such things as were absolutely necessary to sustain life.

She rode unarmed. Without informing him of the fact, the rifle had been left for Bruce. She did not expect for herself a rifle shot from ambush—for the simple reason that Simon had bidden otherwise—and Bruce might be attacked at any moment.

She was dreaming dreams, that day. The talk with Bruce had given her



She Was Dreaming Dreams.

fresh heart, and as she rode down the sunlit trail the future opened up enchanting vistas to her. Perhaps they yet could conquer, and that would mean re-establishment on the far-flung lands of her father. Matthew Folger had possessed a fertile farm also, and its green pastures might still be utilized. It suddenly occurred to her that it would be of interest to turn off the main trail, take a little dim path up the ridge that she had discovered years before, and look over these lands. The hour was early; besides, Bruce would find her report of the greatest interest.

She jogged slowly along in the western fashion—which means something quite different from army fashion or sportsman fashion. Western riders do not post. Riding is not exercise to them; it is rest. They hang limp in the saddle, and all far is taken up, as if by a spring, somewhere in the region of the floating ribs that only a physician can correctly designate. They never sit firm, these western riders, and as a rule their riding is not particularly graceful thing to watch. But they do not care greatly about grace as long as they may encompass their fifty miles a day and still be fresh enough for a country dance at night. There are many other differences in western and eastern riding, one of them being the way in which the horse is mounted. Another difference is the riding habit. Linda had no trim riding trousers, with tall, glossy boots, red coat and stock. It was rather doubtful whether she knew such things existed. She did, however, wear a trim riding skirt of khaki and a middle blouse washed spotlessly clean by her own hands; and no one would have missed the other things. It is an indisputable fact that she made a rather alluring picture—eyes bright and hair dark and strong arms bare to the elbow—as she came riding down the pine-needle trail.

She came to the opening of the dinner trail and turned down it. She entered a still glen, and the color in her cheeks and the soft brown of her arms bleached well with the new tints of the autumn leaves. Then she turned up a long ridge.

The trail led through an old burn—a bleak, eerie place where the fire had swept down the forest, leaving only strange, black pillars here and there—and she stopped in the middle of it to look down. The mountain world was laid out below her as clearly as in a relief map. Her eyes lighted as its beauty and its fearlessness went home to her, and her keen eyes slowly swept over the surrounding hill tops. Then for a long moment she sat very still in the saddle.

A thousand feet distant, on the same ridge on which she rode, she caught sight of another horse. It held her gaze, and in an instant she discerned the rather startling fact that it was saddled, bridled, and apparently tied to a tree. Momentarily she thought that its rider was probably one of the Turners who was at present at work on the old Folger farm; yet she knew at once the tilled lands were still too far distant for that. She studied closely the muzzle of light and shadow of the underbrush and in a moment more distinguished the figure of the horseman.

It was one of the Turners—but he was not working in the fields. He was standing near the animal's head, back to her, and his rifle lay in his arms. And then Linda understood.

She held hard on her faculties and tried to puzzle it out. She understood now why the Turners had not as yet made an attack upon them at their home. It wasn't the Turner way to wage open warfare. They were the wolves that struck from ambush, the rattlesnakes that lunged with poisoned fangs from beneath the rocks. There was some security for her in the Folger home, but none whatever here. There she had a strong man to fight for her, a loaded rifle, and under ordinary conditions the Turners could not hope to batter down the unken door and overwhelm them without at least some loss of life. For all that she knew, Bruce had a large stock of rifles and ammunition—and the Turners did not look forward with pleasure to casualties in their ranks. The much simpler way was to watch the trail.

They had known that sooner or later one of them would attempt to ride down after either supplies or aid. Linda was a mountain girl and she knew the mountain methods of procedure; and she knew quite well what she would have had to expect if she had not discovered the ambush in time. She didn't think that the sentry would actually fire on her; he would merely shoot the horse from beneath her. It would be a simple feat by the least of the Turners—for these gaunt men were marksmen. If nothing else, it wouldn't be in accord with Simon's plan or desire to leave her body lying still on the trail. But the horse killed, flight would be impossible, and what would transpire thereafter she did not dare to think. She had not forgotten Simon's threat in regard to any attempt to go down into the settlements. She knew that it still held good.

Of course, if Bruce made the excursion, the sentry's target would be somewhat different. He would shoot him down as remorselessly as he would shatter a lynx from a tree top.

The truth was that Linda had guessed just right. "It's the easiest way," Simon had said. "They'll be trying to get out in a very few days. If the man—shoot straight and to kill! If Linda, plug the horse and bring her here behind the saddle."

Linda turned softly, then started back. She did not even give a second's thought to the folly of trying to break through. She watched the sentinel over her shoulder and saw him turn about. Far distant though he was, she could tell by the movement he made that he had discovered her.

She was almost four hundred yards away by then, and she lashed her horse into a gallop. The man cried to her to halt, a sound that came dim and strange through the burn, and then a bullet sent up a cloud of ashes a few feet to one side. But the range was too far even for the Turners, and she only urged her horse to a faster pace.

She flew down the narrow trail, turned into the main trail, and galloped wildly toward home. But the sentry did not follow her. He valued his precious life too much for that. He had no intention of offering himself as a target to Bruce's rifle as he neared the house. He headed back to report to Simon.

Young Bill—for such had been the identity of the sentry—found his chief in the large field not far distant from where Bruce had been confined. The man was supervising the harvest of the fall growth of alfalfa. The two men walked slowly away from the workers, toward the fringe of woods.

"It looks as if we'll have to adopt rough measures, after all," Young Bill began.

Simon turned with flushing face. "Do you mean you let him get past you—and missed him? Young Bill, if you've done that—"

"Won't you wait till I've told you how it happened? It wasn't Bruce; it was Linda. For some reason I can't dope out, she went up in the big burn back of me and saw me—when I was too far off to shoot her horse. Then she rode back like a witch. They'll not take that trail again."

"It means one of two things," Simon said after a pause. "One of them is to starve 'em out. It won't take long. Their supplies won't last forever. The other is to call the clan and attack—tonight."

"And that means loss of life."

"Not necessarily. I don't know how many guns they've got. If you'd only been worth your salt, you'd find out those things. I wish Dave was here." And Simon spoke the truth for once in his life; he did miss Dave. And it was not that there had been any love lost between them. But the truth was—although Simon never would have admitted it—the weaker man's cunning had been of the greatest aid to his chief. Simon needed it sorely now.

"And we can't wait till tomorrow night—because we've got the moon then," Young Bill added. "Just a new moon, but it will prevent a surprise attack. I suppose you still have hopes of Dave coming back?"

"I don't see why not. I'll venture to say now he's off on some good piece of business—doing something none of the rest of you have thought of. He'll come riding back one of these days with something actually accomplished. I see no reason for thinking that he's dead. Bruce hasn't had any chance at him that I know of. But if I thought he was—there'd be no more waiting. We'd tear down that nest tonight."

Simon spoke in his usual voice—with the same emphasis, the same undertones of passion. The truth was that he had slowly become aware that Young Bill was not giving him his full attention, but rather was gazing off—unfamiliar speculation in his eyes—toward the forests beyond.

Simon's impulse was to follow the gaze; yet he would not yield to it. "Well?" he demanded. "I'm not talking to amuse myself."

The younger man seemed to start.

His eyes were half-closed; and there was a strange look of intentness about his facial lines when he turned back to Simon. "You haven't missed any stock?" he asked abruptly.

Simon's eyes widened. "No. Why?" "Look there—over the forest." Young Bill pointed. Simon shielded his eyes from the sunset glare and studied the blue-green skyline above the fringe of pines. There were many grotesque, black birds wheeling on slow wings above the spot. Now and then they dropped down, out of sight behind the trees.

"Buzzards!" Simon exclaimed.

"Yes," Young Bill answered quietly. "You see, it isn't much over a mile from Folger's house—in the deep woods. There's something dead there, Simon. And I think we'd better look to see what it is."

"You think—?" Then Simon hesitated and looked again with reddening eyes toward the gliding buzzards.

"I think—that maybe we're going to find Dave," Young Bill replied.

CHAPTER XXVI

The twilight at Trail's End is never long in duration, due to the simple fact that the mountains cut off the flood of light from the west after the setting of the sun, but tonight there seemed none at all. The reason was merely that heavy banks of clouds swept up from the southeast just after sunset.

They came with rather startling rapidity and almost immediately completely filled the sky. Young Bill had many things on his mind as he rode beneath them, yet he found time to gaze at



Then Simon Hesitated and Looked Again With Reddening Eyes Toward the Gliding Buzzards.

them with some curiosity. They were of singular greenish hue, and they hung so low that the tops of nearby mountains were obscured.

The fact that there would be no moon tonight was no longer important. The clouds would have cut off any tell-tale light that might illumine the activities of the Turners. There would not be even the dim mist of starlight.

Young Bill rode from house to house through the estate—the houses occupied by Simon's brothers and cousins and their respective families. He knocked on each door and he only gave one little message. "Simon wants you at the house," he said, "and come quick."

He would turn to go, but always a singular quiet and breathlessness remained in the houses after his departure. There would be a curious exchange of glances and certain significant sounds. One of them was the metallic click of cartridges being slipped into the magazine of a rifle. Another was the bucking on of spurs, and perhaps the rattle of a pistol in its holster. Before the night fell in reality, the clan came riding—straight, tall figures in the half-darkness—straight for Simon's house.

His horse was saddled, too, and he met them in front of his door. And in a very few words he made all things plain to them.

"We've found Dave," he told them simply. "Most of you already know it. We've decided there isn't any use of waiting any more. We're going to the Folger house tonight."

The men stood silent, breathing hard. Simon spoke very quietly, yet his voice carried far. In their growing excitement they did not observe the reason, that a puzzling, deep calm had come over the whole wilderness world. Even in the quietest night there is usually a faint background of winds in the mountain realms—troubled breaths that whisper in the thickets and rustle the dead leaves—but tonight the heavy air had no breath of life.

"Tonight Bruce Folger is going to pay the price, just as I said." He spoke rather boastfully; perhaps more to impress his followers than from impulse. Indeed, the passion that he felt left no room for his usual arrogance. "Fire on sight. Bill and I will come from the rear, and we will be ready to push through the back door the minute you break through the front. The rest of you surround the house on three sides. And remember—no man is to touch Linda."

They nodded grimly; then the file of horsemen started toward the ridge. Far distant they heard a sound such as had reached them often in summer, but was unfamiliar in fall. It was the faint rumble of distant thunder.

Bruce and Linda sat in the front room of the Folger house, quiet and expectant and afraid. It was not

that they did not realize their danger. They had simply taken all possible measures of defense; and they were waiting for what the night would bring forth.

"I know they'll come tonight," Linda had said. "Tomorrow night there will be a moon, and though it won't give much light, it will hurt their chances of success. Besides—they've found that their other plot—to kill you from ambush—isn't going to work."

Bruce nodded and got up to examine the shutters. He wanted no ray of light to steal into the growing darkness and make a target. It was a significant fact that the rifle did not occupy its usual place behind the desk. Bruce kept it in his hands as he made the inspection. Linda had her empty pistol, knowing that it might—in the mayhap of circumstance—be of aid in frightening an assailant. Old Elmira sat beside the fire, her stiff fingers busy at a piece of sewing.

"You know—" Bruce said to her, "that we are expecting an attack tonight?"

The woman nodded, but didn't miss a stitch. No gleam of interest came into her eyes. Bruce's gaze fell to her work basket, and something glittered from its depth. Evidently Elmira had regained her knife.

He went back to his chair beside Linda, and the two sat listening. They had never known a more quiet night. They listened in vain for the little night sounds that usually come stealing, so hushed and tremulous, from the forest. And they both started, ever so slightly, when they heard a distant rumble of thunder.

"It's going to storm," Linda told him.

"Yes. A thunderstorm—rather unusual in the fall, isn't it?"

"Almost unknown. It's growing cold, too."

They waited a breathless minute, then the thunder spoke again. It was immeasurably nearer. It was as if it had leaped toward them, through the darkness, with incredible speed in the minute that intervened. The last echo of the sound was not dead when they heard it a third time.

The storm swept toward them and increased in fury. On a distant hillside the strange file that was the Turners halted, then gathered around Simon. Already the lightning made vivid, white gashes in the sky and illumined—for a breathless instant—the long sweep of the ridge above them. "We'll make good targets in the lightning," Old Bill said.

"Ride on," Simon ordered. "You know a man can't find a target in the hundredth of a second of a lightning flash. We're not going to turn back now."

They rode on. Far away they heard the whine and roar of wind, and in a moment it was upon them. The forest was no longer silent. The peal of the thunder was almost continuous.

The breaking of the storm seemed to rock the Folger house on its foundation. Both Linda and Bruce leaped to their feet; but they felt a little tingle of awe when they saw that old Elmira still sat sewing. It was as if the calm that dwelt in the Sentinel Pine outside had come down to abide in her. No force that the world possessed could ever take it from her.

They heard the rumble and creak of the trees as the wind danced them, and the flame of the lamp danced wildly, filling the room with flickering shadows. Bruce straightened, the lines of his face setting deep. He glanced once more at the rifle in his hands.

"Linda," he said, "put out that fire. If there's going to be an attack, we'd have a better chance if the room was in darkness. We can shoot through the door then."

She obeyed at once, knocking the burning sticks apart and drenching them with water. She took off the glass shade of the lamp, and the little gusts of wind that crept in the cracks of the windows immediately extinguished the flame. The darkness dropped down. Then Bruce opened the door.

The whole wilderness world struggled in the grasp of the storm. The scene was such that no mortal memory could possibly forget. They saw it in great, vivid glimpses in the intermittent flashes of the lightning, and the world seemed no longer that which they had come to know. Chaos was upon it. The tall tops of the trees wagged back and forth in frenzied signals; their branches snote and rubbed together. And just without their door the Sentinel Pine stood with top lifted to the fury of the storm.

A strange awe swept over Bruce. A moment later he was to behold a sight that for the moment would make him completely forget the existence of the great tree; but for an instant he poised at the brink of a profound and far-reaching discovery. There was a great lesson for him in that dark, towering figure that the lightning revealed. Its great limbs moved and spoke; its top swayed back and forth, yet still it held its high place as Sentinel of the Forest, passionless, patient, talking through the muck of clouds to the stars that burned beyond.

"See," Linda said. "The Turners are coming."

It was true. Bruce dropped his eyes. Even now the clan had spread out in a great wing and was bearing down upon the house. The lightning showed them in strange, vivid flashes. Bruce nodded slowly.

"I see," he answered. "I'm ready."

"Then shoot them, quick—when the lightning shows them," she whispered in his ear. "They're in range now." Her hand seized his arm. "What are you waiting for?"

He turned to her stertly. "Have you forgotten we only have five shells?" he asked. "Go back to Elmira."

Her eyes met his, and she tried to smile into them.

"Forgive me, Bruce—it's hard—to be calm."

But at once she understood why he was waiting. The flashes of lightning offered no opportunity for an accurate shot. Bruce meant to conserve his little supply of shells until the moment of utmost need. The clan drew nearer. They were riding slowly, with ready rifles. And ever the storm increased in fury. The thunder was so close that it no longer gave the impression of being merely sound. It was a veritable explosion just above their heads. The first drops of rain fell one by one on the roof.

Bruce's eyes sought for Simon's figure. To Simon he owed the greatest debt, and to lay Simon low might mean to dishearten the whole clan. But although the attackers were in fair range now, scarcely two hundred yards away, he could not identify him. They drew closer. He raised his gun, waiting for a chance to fire. And at that instant a restless force hurled him to the floor.

There was the sense of vast catastrophe, a great rocking and shuddering that was lost in billowing waves of sound; and then a frantic effort to recall his wandering faculties. A blinding light cut the darkness in twain; it smote his eyeballs as if with a physical blow; and summoning all his powers of will he sprang to his feet.

There was only darkness at first; and he did not understand. But it was scarcely less duration than the flash of lightning. A red flame suddenly leaped into the air, roared and grew and spread as if scattered by the wind itself. And Bruce's breath caught in a sob of wonder.

The Sentinel Pine, that ancient friend and counselor that stood not over one hundred feet from the house, had been struck by a lightning bolt. Its trunk had been cleft open as if by a giant's ax, and the flame was already springing through its balsam-laden branches.

CHAPTER XXVII

Bruce stood as if entranced, gazing with awed face at the flaming tree. There was little danger of the house itself catching fire. The wind blew the flame in the opposite direction; besides, the rains were beating on the roof. The fire in the great tree itself, however, was too well started to be extinguished at once by any kind of rainfall; but it did burn with less fierceness.

Dimly he felt the girl's hand grasping at his arm. Her fingers pressed until he felt pain. His eyes lowered to hers. The sight of that passion-drawn face—reaching in an instant the scene beside the camp fire his first night at Trail's End—called him to himself. "Shoot, you fool!" she stormed at him. "The tree's lighted up the whole countryside, and you can't miss. Shoot them before they run away."

He glanced quickly out. The clan that had drawn within sixty yards of the house at the time the lightning struck had been thrown into confusion. Their horses had been knocked down by the force of the bolt and were fleeing, riderless, away. The men followed them, shouting, plumbly revealed in the light from the burning tree. The great torch beside the house had completely turned the tables. And Linda spoke true; they offered the best of targets.

Again the girl's eyes were lurid slits between the lids. Her lips were drawn, and her breathing was strange. He looked at her calmly.

"No, Linda, I can't—"

"You can't!" she cried. "You cow-



"You Can't!" She Cried. "You Coward—You Traitor! Kill—Kill Them While There's Time."

ard—you traitor! Kill—kill—kill them while there's time!"

She saw the resolve in his face, and she snatched the rifle from his hands. She hurled it to her shoulder and three times fired blindly toward the retreating Turners.

At that instant Bruce seemed to come to life. His thoughts had been clear ever since the tree had been struck; his vision was straighter and more far-reaching than ever in his life. He saw now his avenues weakened, too. He sprang toward the girl and snatched the rifle from her hand. She fought for it, and he held her with a strong arm.

"Wait—wait, Linda," he said gently. "You've wasted three cartridges now. There are only two left. And we may need them some other time."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 2

GERMAN REBELLION IMMINENT, REPORT

Widespread Revolt Against the Republic Is Growing.

REDS. PREPARE TO FIGHT

Bavaria Is Land of Iscontent, but All Central Europe Is in Grip of Growing Power of Fascist Organizations.

Berlin, Nov. 17.—The menace of widespread rebellion against the German Republic, if not open and bloody civil war, bulks blacker daily—not only in Germany but throughout all Central Europe. From Bavaria, long seething with discontent and today the drill ground for a Fascist army whose strength is conservatively estimated at 60,000 men, the ultra-nationalist spirit so successfully capitalized by the Italian Mussolini has spread with sinister swiftness.

Hungary Also Has Fascist. The Austrian Tyrol is said to be solidly allied with Adolf Hitler's Munich Fascist, and Czechoslovakia is fast approaching the danger point. Hungary has her own Fascist, whose chief inspiration is hatred of the Jews. It is reported from Budapest that the Magyar disciples of Mussolini have formed a party in the diet to get parliamentary immunity for their leaders.

Only one Berlin paper, the Socialist Vorwarts, mentions that in the recent rioting in Cologne and Düsseldorf the majority of shops broken into and looted were owned by Jews and that consequently the authorities suspect the Fascist of participation in the sanguinary encounters between unruly elements and the police in the Rhine land.

Communists Prepare Resistance

The Communists are spending effort to prepare for resistance in the event agitation for the summoning of a national congress of factory workers' councils or soviets—and their outcry against food prices are waxing louder. Communist organs urge the proletarian to arm itself "for a life and death battle," pointing gravely to Italy as a warning of what will happen if the workers remain passive.

To those exhortations Hitler's Munich organ "Des Heimatland," retorts hotly: "We must crush the red terror in our fatherland with the same means and weapons as Mussolini used in Italy."

SCHWAB NO LONGER WORKER

Announces His Retirement From the Steel Business—Statement Made at Washington.

Washington, Nov. 18.—Charles M. Schwab made the definite announcement that he was no longer actively engaged in the steel business. Testifying before the federal trade commission, he was asked his name and occupation.

"I have no definite occupation now," he said. "Nominally I am chairman of the board of directors of the Bethlehem Steel company, but actually I have retired."

Mr. Schwab now is sixty years of age. He resigned the presidency of the United States Steel corporation when he was only forty-two years old.

RULING BARS MRS. FELTON

Woman Ceased to Be a Senator From Georgia on Night of Election.

Washington, Nov. 17.—Senate rules fall to disclose any chance for Mrs. W. H. Felton to claim a seat next Monday as senator from Georgia, succeeding Thomas E. Watson.

On the contrary, established precedents overrule her contention and make it plain that she ceased to be a senator on the night of election, when Judge Walter George was elected.

CONGRESS A 'CAVE OF WINDS'

Former Vice President Marshall Gives a Unique Description of Law-Making Body.

Atlantic City, N. J., Nov. 17.—Congress was described here as the "cave of winds" by Thomas R. Marshall, former vice president.

"I had a great time in Washington sitting at the 'cave of winds,' seeing the great and near great working, and hearing them say they would rather be right than president when not a blamed one of them had a chance of being either," Marshall stated. He addressed the Kiwanis club.

MAY MODIFY DRY LAWS

Harding in Letter to Republican Women's Organization Hints at Liberalization of Act.

New York, Nov. 16.—A letter from President Harding on prohibition enforcement was read by Mrs. Corinne Roosevelt Robinson, sister of Theodore Roosevelt, to the members of the Republican Neighborhood association. Mrs. Robinson denied the reporters permission to copy the letter, so its exact wording may not be reproduced, but the general trend of it was a policy of "liberalizing" the prohibition enforcement act.

KEMALISTS SEEK SULTAN'S ARREST

Takes Refuge on British Warship to Escape Seizure.

TURKS TO ASK HIS RETURN

Calliph Is Hurried to Malta on an English Dreadnaught—Flees the Yildiz Kiosk in Early Hours of Morning.

Constantinople, Nov. 18.—Fearful lest the Turkish nationalists should carry out the edict of the great national assembly of Turkey and seize him and bring him to trial, the sultan of Turkey, Mohammed VI., in the early hours of the morning fled from the Yildiz Kiosk, took refuge on board the British dreadnaught Malaya and in company with his youngest son, Prince Ertugrul Effendi, is on his way to Malta.

The flight of the sultan was almost precipitate, but nevertheless before his departure he announced he had not abdicated—that he merely was leaving Constantinople for safety.

Asylum on British Warship.

The sultan had requested Lieut. Gen. Harrington, commander of the British forces, last Wednesday to afford him the means of getting away and arrangements were made for him to have asylum on the dreadnaught.

The trip from the palace to the quay was effected without the sultan being seen by any of the guards about the palace. An automobile which had been drawn up at a side entrance to the palace whisked him to the quay, where a barge from the battleship was waiting. On this Mohammed and his son and six members of the palace staff were immediately transferred to the Malaya which pointed its nose out through the Dardanelles and into the Mediterranean on the way to Malta.

Demand Sultan's Return.

It is reported here that the Angora government will make formal representations to Great Britain for the return of the sultan to the Kemalists, pointing out that only the great national assembly of Turkey has authority to direct the sultan's movements and declaring that he must face trial as ordered by the government.

BIG SUM TO WAR VETERANS

Report Shows Relief Expenditures Double Those of Equal Period Last Year.

Washington, Nov. 18.—Government payments for the relief of veterans of the World war so far this year have been double the expenditures of the same period last year.

The treasury financial statement showed that a total of \$100,178,908 was paid to the veterans through the war veterans' bureau and other federal relief agencies in the four months from July 1 to October 31, 1922.

PRISONERS HIRING "SUBS"?

President Harding Orders Investigation of Complaint From Cleveland (O.) Federal District.

Washington, Nov. 18.—On the basis of an application made to him for the pardon of a man convicted in the Federal District court at Cleveland, O., on a charge of conspiracy growing out of a bootlegging case, President Harding directed the attorney general to have an investigation made with the object of ascertaining whether a common practice prevailed of "buying substitutes to serve sentences against the federal laws."

VORONOFF FOR GLAND GRAFT

French Physician Buys Two Chimpanzees for American Banker and Norwegian Merchant.

Paris, Nov. 18.—Dr. Serge Voronoff bought two chimpanzees at Rouen for 9,000 francs (about \$650) apiece to obtain glands for grafting on an American banker and a Norwegian lumber king. Heretofore Dr. Voronoff has used big monkeys, but now he has decided to employ the glands only of chimpanzees whose skeletons resemble humans.

SUES TO FIX RIGHT TO AIR

Illinois Court Asked to Define Use of the Ether—Suit Is Filed at Pontiac.

Pontiac, Ill., Nov. 18.—Edward Williams, a radio enthusiast of Dwight, has filed a suit asking the court to define the right of one person over another to use the ether with radio messages. The suit is against Wiley Bergman, another fan.

TURK SULTAN TO BE TRIED

Angora Assembly Adopts Resolution Seeking to Place Ruler and His Ministers on Trial.

Constantinople, Nov. 17.—The great national assembly of Turkey at Angora has adopted a resolution, submitted by Mustafa Kemal Pasha, to place the sultan and his ministers on trial. A decision as to how the resolution is to be enforced was deferred.

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According to Luke.

Preface. The preface or Prologue 1:1-4. This prologue contains all that we really know respecting the composition of early narrative of the life of Christ and it thus becomes the test by which all theories of the origin of our gospels must be judged any hypothesis at variance with this may safely be rejected. It also shows that an inspired writer felt that he had to use research and care to secure accuracy.

1. "Many." The context seems to imply that these like Luke were not "eye witnesses." That at once would exclude Matthew whose gospel Luke does not seem to have known. It is doubtful whether Mark is included in the many. The writer of extant apocryphal gospels can not be meant as they were composed later. It is probable that all these documents here alluded to were driven out of existence by the manifest superiority of the four canonical gospels. Have taken in hand cannot imply censure as some of the father's thought for Luke includes himself with them, "it seemed good to me." What they attempted he may attempt. He may be able to improve on their work.

He must have thought these attempts insufficient or he would not have added another. "To draw up a narrative," i. e., to arrange afresh the events so as to show the proper sequence. It implies something more than mere notes or anecdotes. "A leading through to the end." A "narrative" is the idea. Those matters which have been fulfilled. "The things which have been carried through to the end, of the matters which have been accomplished, fully established." "Among us" probably means us Christians. Christendom is the sphere in which these things have had their fulfillment.

2. "Even as they delivered them unto us." The correspondence was exact; "just as" he says. Luke implies that he himself was among those who received the tradition. Like the "many" he can only arrange afresh what has been handed down to him, doing it second hand and not as an eye witness. He does not say whether the facts were handed down orally or in writing. "Who were from the beginning eye-witnesses and ministers of the word." They not only had personal knowledge of the facts, they also had practical experience of the effects. By preaching and teaching they had learned what elements in

the Gospel were most effective for the winning and saving of souls.

3 "To me also." Luke does not blame the many; he desires to imitate and supplement them. Maybe he can improve on their work. This is his first reason for writing a narrative. "Having traced the course of all things." This is his second reason for writing. He has had special advantages and qualifications; and therefore what was allowed to others may be still more allowed to him. He means by this that he has brought himself abreast of the events he narrates by careful investigation. "From the first." This is the first of four qualifications: he has gone back to the very beginning, viz. the promise of the birth, of the Forerunner. The "all things" implies thoroughness; and this is the second point. He has begun at the beginning and he has investigated every thing. "Accurate" is the third point. This is no idle boast. No other gospel gives us this early history about the Baptist and Christ. No other throughout is so full, and in spite of the severest scrutiny, his accuracy can very rarely be called in question. In any case we have an inspired writing that

he is giving us the result of careful investigation. Would it follow from this that an inspired historian may fail in accuracy if his investigation is defective? "In order" is the fourth point: an orderly narrative systematically arranged. "Most excellent Theophilus." This was a common name among Jews (Jedidiah) and Gentiles.

4 "That thou mightest know the certainty concerning the things wherein thou was instructed." Additional and more thorough knowledge is what he wishes him to have. He had been taught orally and now Luke would have him know that the faith that he has embraced has an impregnable historical foundation. The next section is The Gospel Of the Infancy. 1:5-2:52. Plummer (comp. XXXVIII) gives this outline:

1. The annunciation of the Birth of the Forerunner 5-25.
2. The annunciation of the Birth of the Savior, 26-38.
3. Visit of the mother of the Savior to the Mother of the Forerunner, 39-56.
4. The Birth of the Forerunner, 57-80.
5. The Birth of the Savior, 2:1-20.
6. The Circumcision and Presentation of the Savior, 21-40.
7. The boyhood of the Savior 41-52. This should be committed to memory.

Carson T. Taylor.

Adair County News

Published On Tuesdays
At Columbia, Kentucky.

J. E. MURRELL, Editor
RS. DAISY HAMLETT, Manager

A Democratic Newspaper devoted to the interests of the city of Columbia and the People of Adair and adjoining Counties.

Entered at the Columbia Post-office as second class matter.

TUESDAY NOV. 28 1922.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:

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Out of State of Kentucky..... \$2.00
Subscription are due and Payable in Advance

Hon. Ralph Gilbert carried every county in the 8th district but two, and he greatly reduced the Republican majority in the two. His official majority in the entire district is 5,494. Some runner.

The death sentence imposed on Frank Thomas, of Louisville, for murdering Lee J. Abegust November, 26, 1921, was affirmed by the Court of Appeals. The whole Court sat in the case and Chief Justice Rollin Hurt wrote the opinion. The killing of Abegust occurred on the 18th street road.

Chairman Cordell Hull, of the National Democratic Committee, is being congratulated by Democrats from all parts of the country over the recent Democratic landslide. Keep Cordell in the saddle and the party will ride to victory in the next Presidential campaign.

Former President Woodrow Wilson has not yet recovered from his long spell of sickness. He is improving rapidly, and one writer says that if he fully recovers, no power upon earth could keep his name from going before the next National Democratic Convention for the Presidency.

The Farmers Home Journal comes to us this week in its new dress and make up. It is really the paper for the farmers of Kentucky and adjoining States. As it is published in Louisville, where all the markets, live stock, tobacco, etc., will be printed fresh from the stock yards and store rooms. All agriculturists who want to keep posted and who want to read the best farm matter, should subscribe for the Farmer's Home Journal, Louisville.

A thorough investigation should be made as to the cause of the death of six persons, an entire family at Lancaster, Ohio, a few days ago. Irvine Henderson, wife and four children were found dead. The father and mother were found sitting in upright positions, in chairs before the fire. Four children were in bed, all fully dressed. The children ranged in age from 7 years to 18 months.

We appreciate the letters from Congressman Gilbert and Judge D. A. McCandless, endorsing the course we pursued in the late election. It will be remembered that we claimed both of these gentlemen were in danger and urged in every issue of the News that Democratic men and women be at the polls. We were expecting the Republicans to get

out their full vote, and for that reason we advocated a fight upon the part of the Democrats from the rising of the sun until 4 o'clock in the afternoon, on election day. We have been watching elections for quite a number of years, and we have found where a candidate runs like he was badly scared, he invariably wins. Overconfidence has lost many elections.

A dispatch from New York dated the 22nd says: George Clemenceau today prepared to rest after having delivered, in his first address in the United States, a warning to Americans that German militarists were preparing for another war. In this address, spoken in the Metropolitan Opera House last night before an immense audience, the war Premier of France voiced what he termed friendly criticisms of the United States for its post-war attitude, declaring that after mixing its blood with that of the Allies, it had stepped out of international affairs leaving Europe in a snarl. He urged America to renew conversations with France and Great Britain to present a united front to Germany and show that the terms of the Versailles treaty, including the payment of the reparations, must be carried out. He did not attempt to indicate how America should again take up her hand in international affairs, but said that he might speak of that later.

An indicated increase of 2 per cent in the retail cost of food to the average family in the United States during the month ending October 13 has been reported by the Bureau of Labor Statistics of the Department of Agriculture, based on the prices of 43 articles in 51 cities. By cities San Francisco led with an increase of 6 per cent., while Philadelphia, Boston and Los Angeles showed 4 per cent., and Buffalo, Cleveland and New York were included in those reporting 3 per cent. No city reported a decrease, but the increase in a number, including Chicago, Indianapolis, and Milwaukee, was less than one-half of 1 per cent. Of the food articles 14 showed an increase which was indicated to be largely seasonal, as much as 21 per cent for fresh eggs and 10 per cent., for butter, while 19 showed a decrease and the price of ten remained unchanged.

Farm and Home News From Over the State

Forty-one Marion county farmers and poultry raisers are keeping records on their poultry flocks to show that hens will lay more eggs during the winter if they are fed right and kept in good houses, County Agent, H. J. Childress says. Those who are keeping records have entered their flocks in the winter egg laying project being conducted over the State by the extension division of the College of Agriculture, at Lexington.

Breckinridge county farmers this fall showed their faith in the value of cover crops for protecting fields from washing and the leaching of plant food during the winter, by sowing 50 per cent. more rye than was planted last year, County Agent R. M. Greene says.

A total of 21 farmers and poultry raisers in Laurel county

learned the method of distinguishing between the good and poor layers in their poultry flocks this fall by attending poultry culling demonstrations held over the county by County Agent F. B. Wilson and the extension division of the College of Agriculture at Lexington.

Four Wayne county farmers have completed arrangements to cooperate with County Agent H. J. Hayes and the extension division of the College of Agriculture at Lexington in conducting demonstrations on their farms this fall in order to give farmers in that section of the state some of the practical pointers on cattle feeding.

Scrub livestock gradually is giving way to purebreds in Ballard county, County Agent E. A. Whalin says. Four purebred Jersey cows and one outstanding registered Jersey bull recently was bought by farmers in the county.

Feed The Cows.

The time of the year is about here when the profits from Kentucky farm dairy herds begin to drop unless cows are given good feed and kept in comfortable barns, according to J. J. Hooper, head of the dairy department of the College of Agriculture. Although Kentucky winters are not as long or as severe as those of the famous dairy sections of the North, the same careful methods that help northern dairymen and farmers get bigger profits from their dairy cows can be used to advantage by farmers in this state.

"From now until next spring, cows should have a pound of mixed feed for every three and one-half pounds of milk that they give, and in addition should be fed 10 pounds of clover, alfalfa, or cowpea hay and 30 lbs. of silage daily. A good grain mixture may be made of four pounds of corn meal, two pounds of bran or shipstuff and two pounds of cottonseed meal. If silage cannot be fed, some succulent feed, like beet pulp, should be used unless the cows can get plenty of green grass.

"Dairy cows cannot be given good care at this time of the year unless they are kept in a barn all night and part of the day. This being the case, comfort and healthful surroundings for the cow are of first importance. Plenty of light, good ventilation and lots of good bedding are the big items in making the cow comfortable. There should be four square feet of window glass for each stall or stanchion while the windows should be well distributed so that each stable gets plenty of light. In order to get enough air, each cow requires at least 500 cubic feet of space. The air in the stable must be changed frequently if it is to stay fresh at all times. This should be done without causing drafts of cold air on the cows or without unduly lowering the temperature in the stable. Fresh air may be admitted through windows hinged at the bottom and tipping inward.

"Bedding the cows frequently twice a day with clean straw helps to keep them clean and comfortable. Just before milking is a good time to clean up and add fresh straw."

FALL and WINTER GOODS

Are Coming In

Get Our Prices On

Comforts Blankets, Sweaters, Hats, Caps,
Underwear, Dress Goods, Notions, Shoes,
Rubbers, Etc.

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Furniture and Rugs.

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INTERNATIONAL MOTOR TRUCKS



A Complete Line—Backed by an Unequaled Service Organization

The profits of any business are closely related to the effectiveness of the hauling and delivery equipment used. Many lines of business demand a truck combining the sturdiness and endurance of the heavy-duty truck with the flexibility and speed of the touring car. Such a truck may be the exact equipment needed for your business.

The Model S INTERNATIONAL SPEED TRUCK meets this demand. It is designed and built from the ground up to serve as a truck—to operate at high speed with capacity loads, and give low-cost service over a long period of years. The power plant is a sturdy four-cylinder engine, with the necessary margin of power to overcome difficult hauling conditions. The internal gear final drive and all other

units measure up to the standard of quality set by International engineers. The Model S is equipped regularly with heavy pneumatic cord truck tires, power tire pump, and electric lighting and starting system.

The INTERNATIONAL SPEED TRUCK and the entire International line of trucks stand on a foundation of more than ninety years of successful manufacturing experience. Their daily performance is backed by the unequalled International after-sale service, with free inspections at regular intervals. There are eleven sizes of INTERNATIONAL MOTOR TRUCKS, from the 2000-pound speed truck to the 10,000-pound truck for heavy-duty service. Bodies can be supplied for every hauling purpose.

Call, write or phone

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY

of America
(Incorporated)

L. R. CHELF

Dealer for Adair, Taylor and Green Counties

FOR LOW COST HAULING

PERSONAL

Mr. Marcus Hale, Russell Springs, who travels for a Louisville candy house, was here a few days since.

Mr. I. W. Hodgen, Louisville, was here a few days since.

Mr. Mat Lancaster, Louisville, was calling upon Columbia merchants a few days since.

Mr. J. C. Hurt, Chicago, Ill., was at the Jeffries Hotel a few days ago.

Messrs. R. Lee Clore and J. N. Clore, Prospect Kentucky, were hunting in Adair last week.

Mr. L. N. Richards, Scottsville, Ky., was here a few days ago.

Mr. J. L. Denton, Paris, Ky., was here a few days ago.

Mr. C. B. Hubbard, St. Louis, was at the Jeffries Hotel a few days since.

Dr. Robert I. Blakeman, of Indianapolis, is here shooting birds and seeing his many friends.

Dr. L. F. Page, of Indianapolis, who spent a week here, hunting, left Friday for his home. While in Columbia he had the pleasure of meeting his old friends.

Mr. H. B. Ingram, who has been in rather a feeble condition for six or eight months, has not been feeling so well for the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Tuney and their little son, Danville, visited in Columbia last week.

Mr. L. E. Sharp, of Liberty, was in Columbia last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Embury L. Swearingen, of Louisville, visited Judge and Mrs. W. W. Jones and Mr. G. R. Reed and wife the latter part of last week. Mr. Swearingen is the President of the First National Bank, Louisville.

Miss Bess Dohoney was seriously ill several days last week.

Mrs. C. H. Cravens, who is soon to preside over the Campbellsville Hotel, spent last Thursday at the Jeffries Hotel, taking items in Hotel keeping.

Mr. D. E. Hatcher, of Glasgow, who is one of the best known commercial men who travels this section, was in Columbia, meeting his trade and friends last week.

Mr. W. R. Lyon and Mr. J. Allen Sanders, Campbellsville, were in Columbia last Thursday.

Mr. R. M. Hardesty, Lebanon, was in our midst a few days ago.

Messrs. J. V. and Gus Dunbar, Knifley, were here, transacting business, last Friday.

Mr. J. C. Blair, who lives near Lake City, Iowa, has been visiting and looking after some business here for the past ten days. He has not sold his farm in Adair county nor his mercantile business, and says that he may return some time in the future, though very pleasantly situated in Iowa.

Mr. Jo C. Simms, Lebanon, was here a day or two of last week.

Mr. J. T. Humphress, Knifley, was in Columbia last Friday.

Mr. T. L. Walker, Casey Creek, made a business trip to Columbia last Friday.

Margaret Hamlett, little daughter of Mrs. Daisy Hamlett, who was quite sick with diphtheria, last week, is considerably better, and will likely be well the last of this week.

Mr. Thomas Carter, Washington, D. C., and Mrs. Clarice Cloyd, Nashville, Tenn., are visiting their cousin, Miss Kate Dohoney.

Judge and Mrs. Junius Hancock left Saturday for Catlettsburg, and will spend Thanksgiving with Prof. and Mrs. W. M. Wilson.

Allen Young, a little son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Young has been quite sick for several days.

Mr. R. A. Myers, of Louisville, who came out to hunt, has been quite sick at the home of his parents for several days. His wife arrived one day last week.

Mrs. Jennie Coffey, mother of Messrs. W. A., J. B., and Geo. Coffey has been confined to her room for the past week.

Mr. L. M. Young, who went to Martinsville, Ind., with his father, Mr. George Young, who lives in Cumberland county, returned home last Sunday, leaving his father at his home near Burkesville. Mr. Young

is a victim of rheumatism, and his son states that the stay at Martinsville was very beneficial. He thinks that his father will recover.

"The Fourth of July."

By S. P. Stapp.

July the Fourth! All hail the day!

We greet with joy and mirth,

The day that tells us of the time

When Freedom had her birth:

When our forefathers dared to strike

From hands the cruel chains

Of bondage; till those hands made

free

Our liberty should gain.

Look backward through the mist of

years

To that epochal time,

When patriots in those famed halls

Struck forth that work sublime.

Close by the stately walls without

The people anxious stand;

Eager they are to hear the news

And send it o'er the land.

"Tis done! 'Tis done, they've dared

to sign!"

Without, the people cry;

And heralds hasten with the news

To spread to towns near by.

And every where the news is borne

With hasty step and breath,

A noble patriot's words go forth,

" 'Tis liberty or death!"

A lonely lad, a sentinel,

Encouraged at the sight,

To the aged sexton on the tower

Cries out with all his might,

"Ring! Grandpa, Ring! They've

signed! They've signed!

The people shall be free."

And then with silver peals ring out

The bell of liberty.

If we but listen, we can hear

Down through the silent years,

The silver pealing of that bell

That rings away our fears

Of tyrant power. It instills

A passion for the right,

And makes us brave to battle still,

For freedom with our might.

Today no tyrant king attempts

Our people to oppress,

And yet some tyrant from within

Fain would all laws suppress.

Some Bolshevik, with red hands

Would rule, all laws defied,

And cast away all sacred rights

For which our fathers died

Then come again, Oh Spirit, High,

Of Seventeen-seventy-six!

Come fire our souls with love for right,

And in our bosoms fix

A steadfast zeal, a patriotism,

A loyalty that's true;

That in life's battle, come what may,

The right we'll dare to do.

July the Fourth! Again, All Hail!

Of all the days the best!

To every patriot soul that day

Shall be forever best.

Then may we keep with loyal hearts

The spirit of her birth,

And ever live so freedom shall

Not perish from the earth.

Farm for Sale.

97 A. 70 acres in cultivation. Balance in timber. Price and terms reasonable. See

A. F. Scott, Casey Creek, Ky.
4-5t

Bear in mind that the evangelistic meeting will start at the Methodist meeting next Sunday.

Slight snow fell here last Sunday night, but it did not remain upon the ground.

Travels of a Dollar.

Consider the rounds of a dollar when spent at home.

The farmer receives it in exchange for produce he ships to the city markets.

He pays it to the grocer.

The grocer's wife must have a new gown, and it goes to the dry goods man.

That gentleman pays it to his help, and the latter hands it over to the shoe dealer.

Mr. Shoe Dealer wants a new suit and the clothing (man gets it.

A car goes on the blink and the clothier transfers it to the garage man.

The garage man is a pious sort of a bird and drops it into a collection plate at Sunday services.

Then it reaches the church treasurer, and he tickles the palm of the preacher with it, and the ministerial gentleman slips it to the milliner in exchange for a hat for Mrs. preacher—or as part payment thereon.

Mrs. Milliner needs some face cream, and the beauty parlor or drug store gets it.

Then it goes to another grocer for foodstuffs and the grocer hands it over to the farmer for produce and the dollar starts on another round of calls.

A sort of endless chain, you know.

But if the farmer had sent that dollar to a catalogue house where in heck would it be by this time? Certainly not in the community!

An Indianapolis syndicate proposes a \$7,000,000 dam for Licking River in Kentucky to develop power.

AETNA The Insured Hat



The Emerson Shoe
HONEST ALL THROUGH

H. TAYLOR, - Columbia, Ky.

PUBLIC SALE OF VALUABLE LAND

As Agent for the heirs of Mattie R. Griffin, Dec'd., I will on the premises, on the Campbellsville and Columbia Turnpike, at Romine, opposite the Confederate monument, in

Taylor County, on

Thursday, December 14, 1922,

At 10:00 a. m. Sharp,

Offer for sale at Public Auction to the Highest and Best Bidder,

91 Acres of Valuable Land

Fronting on said Turnpike, and with county road on one side of it, and on which is a large amount of very valuable timber. This land will be first offered in Five (5) Different Lots—As shown by Survey and Blue Prints which will be shown purchasers; then the entire tract of land will be offered as a whole and the way it brings the most will be the sale—but the Right is Reserved to reject any and all bids.

TERMS—Land will be sold for one-third cash, and the rest on one and two years credit, in equal installments, Bonds Bearing Interest from date with Lien retained on the land, and good personal security required of the purchaser. No timber, except what is used on land to be cut or removed from premises until the second payment is made.

Possession given as soon as bond is executed and accepted.

At the same time and place, at the residence of the decedent, a lot of household and kitchen furniture will be sold—Terms on same made known on day of sale. Any one wishing to see blue print of land will find same at Romine post office

W. S. GRIFFIN,

Agent for the heirs of Mattie R. Griffin, Dec'd.

New Paper For Farmers.

Louisville, Ky., Nov.—That Kentucky farmers are to have a paper printed in their own state and devoted exclusively to their own interests, is the declaration of principles and announcement of policies contained in the current issue of the New Farmers Home Journal coming from the press this week. An aggressive, non-political fight will be made in the farmers' behalf, in state and national legislative assemblies, looking toward a closer unity of interests between an industry and business with agriculture, in which the driving power of the nation's wealth will put behind the farmers first, as the chief support of everything else, according to D. B. G. Rose, president of the reorganized Journal, oldest farm paper in the state and the only one to be published in Kentucky.

A special correspondent is 'keeping an eye on Congress at Washington, according to the issue now published, and it is understood the Washington letters will be a permanent feature. Twelve different departments cover the entire agricultural district of news in Kentucky, the articles relative to the Burley Tobacco Co-operative Association, the Live Stock Improvement Association, the fight led by Kentucky breeders for better freight rates than those that have threatened extinction of live stock industry in the South, being particularly interesting and informative.

Announcement is made that the paper aspires to be the liter-



PROPERLY gloved, the finishing touch of a well dressed man. And the Stetson name on the clasp is the best assurance.

Stetson gloves of domestic and imported fabrics, kid and leathers offer the proper glove for every purpose and every occasion.

Not only the proper glove, but the best glove that money can buy—and the best part of it all is that Stetson gloves are not high priced.

There are Stetson gloves for women and children as well as for men.

Russell & Co.

Columbia, Kentucky.

al voice of the Kentucky farmer and that its policies are to be really made up and carried out by him. Every subscriber becomes a member of the family council of the New Farmers Home Journal, with not only the privilege, but the right he is requested to frequently exercise, of telling the editors exactly what he thinks and desires. Upon the majority opinion will be based the action of the paper in behalf of the farmer and Kentucky farm interests.

The present organization took the Farmers Home Journal over the hands of a receiver after several months' suspension, due largely to inefficient business ad-

ministration, it is understood. The first issue under the new management goes to 26,000 subscribers, many of whom had paid their subscriptions to the old management but had never been gotten on the list. A who not responsible for these, the present organization has elected to make good, for a time, at least all such subscriptions as the first tangible evidence of its sincerity of determination to get the farmer a square deal. The editor-in-chief, not yet chosen, will be selected thru the assistance of the subscribers.

The Baptists at Middlesboro in State Convention, passed a strong resolution to withhold support from institutions of learning where Darwinism is taught.

The Strength of the Pines

By Edison Marshall

Author of "The Voice of the Pack"

Illustrations by Irwin Myers



And the Triumph on Bruce's Face Changed to a Singular Look of Wonder.

He held her from him with his arm; and it was as if his strength flowed into her. Her blazing eyes sought him, and for a long second their wills battled. And then a deep wonder seemed to come over her.

"What is it?" she breathed. "What have you found out?"

She spoke in a strange and distant voice. Slowly the fire died in her eyes, the drawn features relaxed, her hands fell at her side. He drew her away from the lighted doorway, out of the grasp of any of the Turners that should turn to answer the rifle fire. The wind roared over the house and swept by in clamorous fury, the electric storm dimmed and lessened as it hurried on.

These two knew that if death spared them in all the long passage of their years, they could never forget that moment. The girl watched him breathe, oblivious to all things else. He seemed wholly unaware of her now. There was something aloof, impassive, infinitely calm about him, and a great, unfeeling understanding was in his eyes. Her own eyes suddenly filled with tears.

"Linda, there's something come to me—and I don't know that I can make it understand. I can only call it a new strength and a greater strength than I ever had before. It's something that the pine—that great tree that we just saw split open—has been trying to tell me for a long time. Oh, can't you see, Linda? There are hundreds of years—so great, so wise—in a moment broken by a need. It takes away my arrogance, Linda. It makes me see myself as I really am. And that means—power."

His eyes blazed, and he caught her hand in his.

"It was a symbol, Linda, not only of the wilderness, but of powers higher and greater than the wilderness. Powers that can look down, and not be swept away by passion, and not try to tear to pieces those who in their blindness harm them. There's no room for such things as vengeance in this new strength. There's no room for murder, and malice, and hatred, and bloodshed."

Linda understood. She knew that this new strength did not mean re-education of her cause. It did not mean that he would give over his attempt to restate her as the owner of her father's estates. It only meant that the purpose of personal vengeance was dead within him. He knew now—the power as ever—that the duty of the power that dwell upon the earth is to do the greatest tasks, and without hatred and without passion to overcome the difficulties that stand in the way. She realized that if one of the Turners should leap through the door and attack her, Bruce would kill him without mercy or regret. She knew that he would make every effort to bring the power to the law. But the ability about a feeling enemy in the back, because of wrongs done long ago, was lost.

Bruce's vision had come to him. He knew that if vengeance had been the deed of the powers that ruled the world, the sphere would have been destroyed with fire long since. To stand firm and straight and unflinching; not to judge, not to condemn, not to retaliate; this was true strength.

"I know," the girl said, her thoughts wandering afar. "Perhaps the name of it is—tolerance." "Perhaps," he nodded. "And possibly it is only—wisdom!"

The Turners had gone. The dim light of lightning revealed the entire attacking party half a mile distant and out of rifle range on the ridge; and Bruce and Linda stole together out into the storm.

The green foliage of the tree had already burned away, but some of the upper branches still glowed against the dark sky. A fallen branch smoldered on the ground, hissing in the rain, and it lighted their way.

Award and mystified, Bruce halted before the ruin of the great tree. He had almost forgotten the stress of the moment just passed. It did not even occur to him that some of his enemies, unseen before, might still be lurking in the shadow, watching for a chance to harm. They stood a moment in silence. Then Bruce uttered one little word and stretched his arm into the hollow that the cleft in the trunk had revealed.

The light from a burning branch beyond him had shown him a small, dark object that had evidently been inserted in the hollow tree trunk through some aperture that had either since been closed up or they had never observed. It was a leathern wallet, and Bruce opened it under Linda's startled gaze. He drew out a single white envelope.

He held it in the light, and his glance swept down its lines of faded

vealed. Linda stood in the way. It looked as if she had deliberately thrown her own body as a shield between them.

Simon spoke then—a single, terrible oath of hatred and jealousy. But in a second more he saw his triumph. Bruce swayed, reeled and fell in Linda's arms, and he saw her half-drag him into the house.

He stood shivering, but not from the cold that the storm had brought. "Come on," he ordered Young Bill. "I think we've downed him for good, but we've got to get that paper."

But Simon did not see all things clearly. He had little real knowledge of the little drama that had followed his shot from ambush.

Human nature is full of odd quirks and twists, and among other things, symptoms are misleading. There is an accepted way for men to act when they are struck with a rifle bullet. They are expected to reel, to throw their arms wide, and usually to cry out. The only trouble with these actions, as men who have been in battlefields know very well, is that they do not usually happen in real life.

Bruce, with Linda's eyes upon him, took one rather long, troubled breath. And he did look somewhat puzzled. Then he looked down at his shoulder. "I'm hit, Linda," he said in a quiet way. "I think just a scratch."

The tremendous shock of any kind of wound from a thirty-four caliber bullet had not seemingly affected him outwardly at all. Some hours were to pass before he completely understood. The truth was that the shock of that rifle bullet, ordinarily striking a blow of a half-ton, had cost him for the moment an ability to make any logical interpretation of events. The girl moved swiftly, yet without giving an impression of leaping, and stood very close and in front of him. In one lightning movement she had made of her own body a shield for his, in case the assassin in the covert should shoot again.

Her arms went about and seized his shoulders. "Stagger," she whispered quickly. "Pretend to fall. It's the one chance to save you."

He dispelled the mists in his own brain and obeyed her. He swayed, and her arms went about him. Then he fell forward.

Her strong arms encircled his waist and with all her magnificent young strength she dragged him to the door. It was noticeable, however—to all eyes except Bruce's—that she kept her own body as much as she could between him and the ambush. In an instant they were in the darkened room. Bruce stood up, once more wholly master of himself.

"You're not hurt bad?" she asked quickly.

"No. Just a deep scratch in the arm muscle near the shoulder. Bullet just must have grazed me. But it's bleeding pretty bad."

"Then there's no time to be lost." Her hands in her eagerness went again to his shoulder. "Don't you see—he'll be here in a minute. We'll steal out the back door and try to ride down to the courts before they can overtake us."

In one instant he had grasped the idea; and he laughed softly in the gloom. "I know. I'll snatch two blankets and the food. You get the horse."

She sprang out the kitchen door and he hurried into the bedrooms. He snatched two of the warmest blankets from the beds and hurried them over his shoulder. He hooked the camp ax on his belt, then hastened into the little kitchen. He took up the little sack containing a few pounds of jerked venison, spilled out a few pieces for Elmira, and carried it—with a few pounds of flour—out to meet Linda. The horse still stood saddled, and with deft hands they tied on their supplies and fastened the blankets in a long roll in front of the saddle.

"Get on," she whispered. "I'll get up behind you."

She spoke in the utter darkness; he felt her breath against his cheek. Then the lightning came dimly and showed him her face.

"No, Linda," he replied quietly. "You are going alone."

She cut him off with a despairing cry. "Oh, please, Bruce—I won't! I'll stay here, then."

"Don't you see?" he demanded. "You can make it out without me. I'm wounded and bleeding, and can't tell how long I can keep up. We've only got one horse, and without me to weigh him down you can get down to the courts."

"And leave you here to be murdered? Oh, don't waste the precious seconds any more. I won't go without you. I mean it. If you stay here, I do, too. Believe me if you ever believed anything."

Once more the lightning revealed her face, and on it the determination of a zealot. He knew that she spoke the truth. He climbed with some difficulty into the saddle. A moment more and she swung up behind him.

The entire operation had taken an astonishingly short period of time. Bruce had worked like mad, wholly disregarding his injured arm. Just beyond, Simon with ready rifle was creeping toward the house.

"Which way?" Bruce asked.

"The out-trail—around the mountain," she whispered. "Simon will overtake us on the other—he's got a magnificent horse. On the mountain trail we'll have a better chance to keep out of his sight."

had a strong horse, they knew the trails, they carried long-range rifles and would open fire at the first glimpse of the fugitives. Bruce was wounded; slight as the injury was, it would seriously handicap them in such a test as this. Their one chance was to keep to the remote trails, to lurk unseen in the thickets, and try to break through to safety. And they knew that only by the doubtful mercy of the forest gods could they ever succeed.

Linda took the reins and pulled out of the trail, then encircled a heavy wall of brush. She did not wish to take the risk of Simon seeing their forms in the dimming lightning and opening fire so soon. Then she turned back into the trail and headed into the storm.

Simon had clear enough memory of the rifle fire that Linda had opened upon the clan to wish to approach the house with care. It would be wholly typical of the girl to lay her lover on his bed, then go back to his assassin. She could look straight along a rifle barrel! A few moments were lost as Young Bill and himself encircled the thickets, keeping out of the gleam of the smoldering tree. Its light was almost gone; it hissed and glowed in the wet snow.

They crept up from the shadow, and holding their rifles ready, opened the door. They were somewhat sur-



It Was Old Elmira, Cold and Sinister as a Rattler in Its Lair.

prised to find it unlocked. The truth was it had been left thus by design; Linda did not wish them to encircle the house to the rear door and discover Bruce and herself in the act of departure. The room was in darkness, and the two intruders rather expected to find Bruce's body on the threshold.

These were mountain men; and they had been in rifle duels before. They had the sure instincts of the beasts of prey in the hills without, and among other things they knew it wasn't wise to stand long in an open doorway with the firelight of the ruined pine behind them.

They slipped quickly into the darkness. Then they stopped and listened. The room was deeply silent. They couldn't hear the sound that both of them had so confidently expected—the faint breathing of a dying man. Simon struck a match. The room was quite deserted.

"What's up?" Bill demanded.

Simon turned toward him with a scowl, and the match flickered and burned out in his fingers. "Keep your rifle ready. He may be hiding somewhere—still able to shoot."

They stole to the door of Linda's room and listened. Then they threw it wide.

One of their foes was in this room—an implacable foe whose eyes were glittering and strange in the matchlight. But it was neither Bruce nor Linda. It was old Elmira, cold and sinister as a rattler in its lair. Simon cursed her and hurried on.

Holding his rifle like a club, he swung through into Bruce's room, lighted another match, then darted into the kitchen. In the dim matchlight the truth went home to him.

He turned, eyes glittering. "They've gone—on Dave's horse," he said. "Thank God, they've only got one horse between 'em and can't go fast. You ride like hell up the trail toward the store—they might have gone that way. Keep close watch and shoot when you can make 'em out."

"You mean—" Bill's eyes widened. "Mean! I mean do as I say. Shoot by sound, if you can't see 'em, and don't lose another second or I'll shoot you, too. Aim for the man if you have a chance offers—but shoot, anyway. Don't stop hunting till you find them—they'll duck off in the brush, sure. If they get through, everything is lost. I'll take the trail around the mountain."

They raced to their horses, untied them, and mounted swiftly. The darkness swallowed them at once.

TO BE CONTINUED

White Woman Thrills Island.

London, November 13.—The Cocos islands had a great thrill a few weeks ago.

A white woman appeared on the islands, the first white woman ever seen there.

2 or 3 Cans of Baking Powder

Are Not Worth the Price of One

If they are the "big can and cheap" kind because they may mean baking failures.

CALUMET

The Economy BAKING POWDER



BEST BY TEST

Don't let a BIG CAN or a very low price mislead you.

Experimenting with an uncertain brand is expensive—because it wastes time and money.

The sales of Calumet are over 150% greater than that of any other baking powder.



THE WORLD'S GREATEST BAKING POWDER

Mrs. Spencer Jones, wife of the chief assistant of the British astronomer royal, who is at Christmas Island to observe a solar eclipse, has written the details of her visit to the Cocos Islands, in the Indian Ocean.

"I really felt as though I must be some curiosity escaped from the zoo," she says.

"I am on my way back to Christmas Island from a trip to the Cocos Islands, the small group of coral islands in the South Indian Ocean where the German raider, Emuen, ultimately met her doom.

"The natives—or at least the descendants of those who were brought to the islands by the first settlers—are Malays, intermixed, with Scotch, Chinese and Zulu blood, the features peculiar to each being still recognizable in many instances.

"Although they frequently see white men, they had never seen a white woman before, and wherever I went I was followed by a crowd of fifty to a hundred women and children. I was much amused by some of the women feeling my arms and then my ankles—to make sure, I suppose, whether the white silk stockings I was wearing were flesh or not.

"I went into a number of the huts which were built of the leaves of the coconut palm, and found them remarkably clean. Cleanliness is insisted by the governor, to the autocratic nature of whose rule it would be difficult to find a parallel. Yet his rule is exercised for the good of the natives. He is, as it were, the kindly father of a large family of ignorant children even to the extent of administering corporal punishment for minor offenses.

"The natives receive free medical attendance. There is well-equipped dispensary, with a fine drug chest and operating table, taken from the Emden.

"We also spent a short time at Direction Island, where there is a station of the Eastern extension Telegraph company, with cables running to Singapore, Java, Adelaide and Durban. There are about twenty white employees of the company, but the married ones are not allowed to have their wives with them. I am, therefore the first white woman to have stayed on the island.

"We were both most hospitably received by the employees who did all they could to give us a good time. There is a strange existence, although news of all sorts passes through the cables they only receive a mail once in three months. There is a little to do on the island itself, which is very small though good fishing, bathing, boating, and tennis serve to relieve what might otherwise become a very monotonous existence."

This is The Month

To give thanks.
To eat fresh Pork.
To get the oak sprouter started.

To cut and burn the fence row weeds.

To clean the roof gutters of accumulated dirt and leaves.

To feast your eyes on the gorgeous colors of autumn forests.

To watch the price of eggs mount, and prod the pullets into laying.

To stop every draft in the hen house and guard against colds and roup.

To gather a good supply of garden soil for use in window gardens and starting boxes before the ground freezes.

To see that the seed corn is thoroughly dry before hard freezing weather. Make sure you have plenty—don't guess.

To feed the young pullets heavily. Proper care this month will do a lot to bring a big egg yield in December.

To get all the corn fodder under cover, where it can be fed conveniently. One of the slavish winter jobs is hauling fodder every few days from the field.

To begin to make friends with the birds. A little regular feeding will make one's home a real bird haven, and many can be coaxed to stay with you thru the winter.—Farm Life.

A mattress manufacturer in West Virginia, who spent \$100,000 in trying to secure the Republican nomination for the Senate, has been tried for his corruption fund and fined \$1,000 and also disfranchised for three years.

A new oil lamp has been invented, which burns 94 per cent air, and gives a better light than either electricity or gas.

Columbia Barber Shop

MORAN & LOWE
A Sanitary Shop, where both Satisfaction and
Gratification are Guaranteed.
Give us a Trial and be Convinced.

DEHLER BROTHERS CO.,

116 East Market Street Telephone Main 2167

LOUISVILLE, KY.

Roofing, Fencing, Hard-
ware, Contractors
Supplies, Asphalt,
Shingles.

LADY GOT SO WEAK COULD SCARCELY STAND

After Suffering From Many Female Troubles This Lady Heard of
Cardui and Took It, She Says, "Until I Was Well."

"SOME TIME AGO," says Mrs. Buena McFarland, of R. F. D. 2, Bostic, N. C., "I suffered a great deal with weakness common to women. I had bearing-down pains, my sides and back hurt, and my limbs drew. I would get so weak in my knees I could scarcely stand.

"I was very nervous, and could not rest. I didn't feel like eating. I grew thin, and did not have ambition for anything.

"I had been trying other remedies . . . but did not get any better.

"Some one told us of Cardui, and what it was recommended for. I also

took a Ladies Birthday Almanac and read of a case something like mine. I told my husband to get it and I would try it.

"I saw a great improvement after the first bottle (of Cardui), so I kept it up until I was well. Now I am the picture of health."

Thousands of other women have written, to tell of the beneficial results obtained by taking Cardui, and to recommend it to others.

Cardui has stood the test of extensive use, for more than forty years, in the treatment of troubles common to women. Try it.

Every Thursday
52 Times a Year

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

For Boys, for Girls, for
Parents, for the Young
in Heart of all Ages.

Packed full of entertaining and informing reading. Hundreds of Short Stories; Serial Stories. Then the Boys' Pages, the Girls' Pages, the Family Pages. The Current Events, Editorials, Humorous Miscellany. Altogether the best investment in "Good Reading."

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3. The Companion Home Calendar for 1923

1. The Youth's Companion (including all) \$2.50 BOTH FOR
2. McCall's Magazine, 12 Fashion Numbers 1.00 \$3.00

EAGLE "MIKADO"

Pencil No. 174

For Sale at your Dealer
ASK FOR THE YELLOW PENCIL WITH THE RED BAND
EAGLE MIKADO
EAGLE PENCIL COMPANY, NEW YORK

The Kentucky Baptist Convention at Middlesboro passed strong resolutions against track gambling.

A warrant has been issued for Leon Beam, head of a motor company, for conspiracy in an attempted robbery of the distillery at Fairfield, where a guard was mortally wounded.

Dr. W. W. Landrum was elected moderator of the Kentucky Baptists in convention at Middlesboro.

The refusal of the Paramount concern to accept Party Arbuckle's last moving picture, produced at a cost of nearly \$500,000, sounded the death knell of the humorist with the movies.

SUCCESS OF PARLEY WITH TURKS DOUBTED

PEACE TREATY LOOKED UPON
AS A MERE TRUCE
AT PARIS

Greeks Are Purchasing Arms And Munitions to Equip Their Armies and Make Up Losses They Suffered During Retreat From Asia Minor.

Paris.—While the Lausanne Conference has assembled to bring to final settlement the last series of wars that were part and parcel of the great European conflict, there is still much speculation as to whether peace or war will be the outcome of that conference. In many quarters it is felt that if a peace treaty is signed it will be in effect a mere truce.

On the one hand it is known the Greeks already are seeking loans whereby they may be able to equip their army and make up for munition losses which they suffered during the retreat in Asia Minor. The Greeks feel that if they hold Saloniki it must be by their own hands. They have before them the lesson of the manner in which the Allies gave a large portion of Thrace to the Turks.

On the other hand, it is known that the Turks are, for the moment, short of powder. While they are endeavoring to conclude and maintain peace so far as concerns Europe, if it should appear to be necessary to their new national interests they would not hesitate to use force of arms to back up what they feel to be their rights.

However, such a condition is not embarrassing to the Turks, who are aware that a large number of Russian munition works are actively engaged in the making of heavy guns and powder. Whether the Russians will be able to sell to the Turks the large quantities of powder needed in modern warfare is a question, but munition experts point out that the Turks doubtless would be able to purchase from other sources if the Russians felt they might need the supplies for their own purposes.

NEWBERRY LEAVES SENATE

Defeat of Colleague is Factor in Decision of Michigan Man Resigning

Detroit, Mich.—Senator Truman H. Newberry, Republican, resigned his seat in the United States Senate. His resignation was accepted by Governor Alex. J. Groesbeck, who announced he had not decided on a successor.

Mr. Newberry's resignation ended a stormy career fraught with Court actions, recounts, moves by the Senate to unseat him, and finally by the defeat of his colleague from Michigan, Senator Charles E. Townsend, Republican, who attributed his own defeat to his defense of Newberry.

Mr. Newberry also said he was prompted to resign by the rebuke given to Senators who voted to seat him at the last election, and the fact that in the new Senate a move to expel undoubtedly would pass.

Refugees Boil Grass

Washington.—Starving refugees on islands of the Aegean Sea are in need of more than 100 tons of flour daily to sustain life and should have 100,000 blankets and immense quantities of shoes and material for clothing, the Red Cross was advised by D. O. Hubbard, a Y. M. C. A. representative at Athens, who has just completed a tour of the islands. Mr. Hubbard reported that on one island he found refugees living on locust pods, while at another point they were boiling grass which goats refused to eat.

War on Barbary Bush

Columbus, O.—Seventy-five members from thirteen spring wheat states, in attendance at the second annual meeting of the Conference for the Prevention of Grain Rust, at St. Paul, unanimously adopted a resolution urging Congress to appropriate \$500,000 for continuing the war on the common barbary bush next year, according to L. J. Taber, director of agriculture, and A. E. Anderson, director of grain marketing, who represented Ohio at the convention.

Historic Capital Visited

Montgomery, Ala.—A number of delegates to the United Daughters of the Confederacy convention in Birmingham came here to visit the "First White House of the Confederacy," the historic Alabama State Capitol, the home of Jefferson Davis, the first and only President of the Confederate States of America.

Sixty Persons Drown

Mexicali, Lower Cal.—More than 60 persons drowned when a boat capsized while a landing was being attempted at La Boma, 60 miles south of here, on the Gulf of California, according to word received here.

"Earl" Starts to Prison

Charlevoix, Mich.—Alfred J. Walker, self-styled "Earl of Dunblane," left in the custody of an officer for the state prison at Jackson, following conviction of larceny by embezzlement of money paid him for stocks. Worn and haggard, his suave manner gone, the former financial wizard, whose checked career of stock promotions stretched across the continent, spent his last day in the Charlevoix County Jail in frequent conferences with "Sara," his "American Countess."

HUGHES PLANS KEMALIST PACT

U. S. May Join Allies in Treaty
With Turkey.

TO AWAIT LAUSANNE MEET

Will Be Either Separate or Communal Agreement, as Conditions Warrant—Possible Mandates May Involve American Rights.

Washington, Nov. 16.—The United States will not hesitate to negotiate one or more separate treaties of amity and commerce with Turkey and possibly with the Allied powers in order to safeguard American interests in the Near East.

While this government is confining its participation in the Lausanne conference to official observers, there will probably result from the conference one or more treaties of amity and commerce. Whether it will be necessary to negotiate a treaty with Turkey alone depends on the character of the settlement of Lausanne and particularly on the degree of independence with which Turkey emerges from the conference.

Will Protect U. S. Interests. Whether or not the treaties, protecting American interests as outlined in the aide-memoire sent to London, Paris and Rome by Secretary of State Hughes, will be negotiated separately with the Allied powers and with Turkey or negotiated jointly, this government intends to secure adequate treaty guarantees for every phase of interest enunciated by the secretary of state.

The American official observers at Lausanne have been informed that this country has no intention of becoming a signatory to the general peace treaty that will be framed, but they have also been informed that this country will not rest content with such assurances of protection as are given in the general peace treaty.

Like German Treaty.

From the United States' standpoint, therefore, the situation at Lausanne assumes pretty much the same complexion as that which existed between this country and Germany after the failure of the Versailles treaty of passage in the senate.

BIG FOUR RAIL UNIONS BREAK

W. S. Stone, Chief of Engineers, Takes Stands Against Lee of Trainmen.

Cleveland, O., Nov. 16.—Open warfare, brewing for some time in the "Big Four" railroad brotherhoods, was proclaimed when Warren S. Stone, grand chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, lined up with the Switchmen's Union of North America, in an attempt to take switchmen members from the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, headed by W. G. Lee.

U. S. TO AID QUAKE VICTIMS

President Harding Sends Two Cruisers, the Cleveland and Denver, to Chile.

Washington, Nov. 16.—President Harding directed that two cruisers be ordered to proceed at once to Huasco, Chile, with food, clothing and medical supplies for relief in the region that has been devastated by the earthquake. Secretary Denby designated the cruisers Cleveland and Denver, which were ordered to proceed at once.

DRY AGENTS USE CANNON

Fire Shot Across Bow to Stop Rum-Running Ship Off New Jersey Coast.

Atlantic City, N. J., Nov. 17.—Ending a spectacular chase of more than an hour off this coast, federal coast guards captured the auxiliary schooner Edwin H. Berke. A cargo of 400 cases of Nassau liquor was confiscated and Harry Gekler, its commander, and Sidney Calmer, his crew, were arrested. A shot was fired across the schooner's bow to halt it.

MAJORITY OF 87 FOR LAW

Labor Runs Second in Number of Members of British Parliament—Lloyd George Third.

London, Nov. 17.—According to unofficial returns the government has a majority of 87 over all other parties. The returns from 605 constituencies show the following revised position: Conservatives, 347; labor, 138; Lloyd George Liberals, 54; Asquith Liberals, 52; Independent, 5; co-operative, 4; prohibitionist, 1; nationalist, 1; liberals, 3; communists, 1.

MORE EARTHQUAKES IN CHILE

One Town Swallowed Up, Report—Tidal Waves Again Sweep Stricken Coasts.

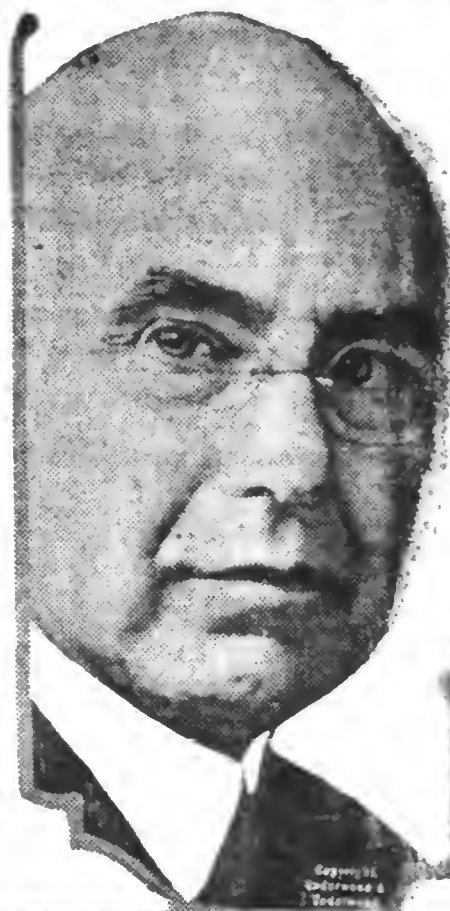
Santiago, Chile, Nov. 15.—New earthquakes were felt in Chile at La Serena, scene of the earlier earth shocks, and at the seaport Constitucion, capital of the province of Manle. Carrizal, a town of 200 copper miners, is reported to have disappeared in a huge fissure that opened in the earth.

FRANK L. GREENE



Congressman Frank L. Greene of Vermont, Republican, who has been elected to the United States senate.

VICTOR H. ARNOLD



JAPANESE CAN'T BECOME CITIZENS OF THE U. S.

Supreme Court at Washington Gives Out Vital Decision—Rules They Are Not White.

Washington, Nov. 14.—The United States Supreme court held that Japanese are not white within the meaning of the American law and are not entitled to citizenship in the United States. The decision was a confirmation of a ruling by the California Circuit Court of Appeals in a test case brought by Takao Ozawa of Honolulu, who claimed he was "white" and therefore eligible for citizenship in the United States. The Supreme court of the state of Washington was upheld in denying citizenship to Takaji Yamashita and Charles Hiro Kono of Seattle in the same decision.

The decision held that the two Japanese were not entitled to naturalization under United States laws and therefore could not enter a business partnership.

The Supreme court's decision in these cases has long been awaited, particularly on the Pacific coast, where anti-Japanese feeling exists.

Ozawa contended he was entitled to American citizenship as a descendant of the white tribe of Aisu. He started his fight for citizenship several years ago in Hawaii, but was defeated in the courts there and also in the higher courts in California. Ozawa has lived in Hawaii since his childhood and was educated in the American schools there.

Yamashita presented an argument similar to that of Ozawa. He appealed to the Supreme court when the courts of the state of Washington denied him the privilege of incorporating a real estate company because of his ineligibility of citizenship.

ROADS RECOVER FROM STRIKE

Number of Freight Cars in Need of Repairs is Smallest in Last Twenty Months.

Washington, Nov. 16.—The railroads have entirely recovered from the shippers' strike of last summer, and are now carrying one of the greatest volumes of traffic in their history.

Reports received by the car service division of the American Railway association show that there were but 249,960 freight cars in need of repairs on November 1. This is the smallest number recorded since March 1, 1921.

CONGRESS PROGRAM IS FIXED

Subsidy, Farm Loan and Rail Legislation to Be Acted on This Session.

Washington, Nov. 17.—The following legislative program for the house during the remainder of the present congress, which expires March 4, was agreed upon at a conference between President Harding and cabinet leaders Monday:

- 1—Ship subsidy bill.
- 2—Annual appropriation bills.
- 3—Rural credits legislation.
- 4—Consideration of modification of the Esch-Cummings transportation act.

3 DIE IN MOONSHINE BLAST

Explosion in Chicago Building Containing "Two Stills Causes Big Loss—Several Injured.

Chicago, Nov. 17.—An explosion in a three-story building at 1829 West North avenue, in which two "moonshine" stills were operated, caused the death of three persons. An Italian grocery occupied the first floor. The explosions were followed by fire. Several persons were injured. Two buildings were practically destroyed.

W. B. LLOYD MUST GO TO JAIL

Chicago Millionaire Radical, Convicted on Espionage Charge, Loses His Last Appeal.

Chicago, Nov. 16.—William Brock Lloyd, the millionaire radical of Chicago, must go to Joliet penitentiary to begin serving of from one to five years imposed on him as a convicted violator of the Illinois espionage law.

Preaching no doctrine and setting forth no promise of salvation, Victor H. Arnold is the founder of New York's newest church—a Church of the New Messiah. He has started a series of Sunday morning talks to present his view of "The Truth." He says that his method is simple. It requires only that the individual go back to the teachings of Christ. Mr. Arnold was born in Bristol, England. In recent years he has been a bond salesman and president of the Bank of Commonwealth, Madison, Wis. A year ago he retired and now at the age of fifty-nine, he says he is determined to spend the rest of his life acting as a pathfinder for others on the road to religion.

GERMANY'S CABINET QUILTS: MANY RIOTS REPORTED

Wirth's Rule Collapses When Socialists Reject Coalition—Moses Panic Brings Crisis.

Berlin, Nov. 15.—Chancellor Wirth's cabinet resigned after attempts to avert the crisis through the admission of industrialists into the coalition ministry had failed. The United Socialists parties refused to act with the industrialists, who are headed by Hugo Stinnes, leader of the People's party. The party leaders were crowded into the reichstag chamber room for three hours. The Socialists remained adamant on their refusal to participate in a new government until an indication of approval was made by the industrial leaders of their stand that the ten-hour day was the basic necessity for stabilizing the mark.

Disorders in several parts of Germany followed the resignation of Chancellor Wirth and his cabinet, according to reports here. Police reported an alleged communist demonstration in the market place at Cologne, killing four and wounding twelve. Pamphlets calling for a general strike were seized.

Food riots which broke out in Düsseldorf were suppressed by British troops. Four were killed and several wounded.

HEIRS TO GIVE UP MILLIONS

Five Brothers of Jacob Gimbel Arrange to Meet Wish of the Dead Millionaire.

New York, Nov. 15.—The five brothers of the late Jacob Gimbel of Philadelphia, who was head of the Gimbel corporation, operating stores in New York, Philadelphia and Milwaukee, have arranged to give away more than \$1,000,000 which would have come to them as residuary legatees under the terms of their brother's will.

This money will go to charities, Jewish and non-Jewish, and to nieces and nephews of Mr. Gimbel.

PRESIDENT CHANGES MIND

State Bonus Votes in Illinois, Iowa, Kansas and Oklahoma Convince Harding of Nation's Desire.

Washington, Nov. 15.—It was said at the capitol that within the last few days the President in conversation with a friend had said that he now believes the country wants the soldiers' bonus, and this being so there is no reason to delay the passage of the bill until the new congress meets. The President, it was said, based his opinion on the returns in Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, and Oklahoma, which states voted bonuses to their soldiers.

ARMY AIRPLANE RUNS AWAY

Equipped With Automatic Control Device, It Makes Flight Over Ninety Miles.

Washington, Nov. 15.—The first army airplane, equipped with an automatic control device, has been more accurately and dependably flown by any human pilot, has been developed to a point where it has made successful flights of more than ninety miles. It was announced by the army air service.

Speed Yacht Sinks in Ice—Quebec, Nov. 15.—A serious accident is reported from Shelter Bay. A speed gasoline yacht sank in the ice thirty miles from the mouth of the river. The boat was carrying eleven persons.

Gradyville.

Rev. Squires filled the pulpit at the Methodist church here Sunday night with a interesting discourse.

Mr. L. B. Cain and family visited relatives, near Columbia last Saturday night and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Strong Hill were in Columbia a day or so the first of the week.

Mr. P. H. Keltner spent a day or so in Greensburg, the first of the week, on the loose leaf market.

Mr. Cager Coomer, one of Sparksville successful merchants spent last Monday, in our city, looking after some of a his real estate.

Hon. Mont R. Yarberry, of Louisville, spent a day or of last week, with Dr. L. C. Nell, and they made the feathery tribe suffer.

Our friend, Neighbor Hatcher, called to see us one day last week, with a full and complete line of shoes. We were all glad to see him and as usual he had something good to tell about religion or politics, and always get a crowd around him.

The tobacco corporation man called on our farmers last Thursday and put in several hours, instructing them how to get their tobacco crops ready for the market. They were all certainly glad to have him with them and to be instructed on the line of handling their tobacco.

The majority of the tobacco in this sections that was not pooled has been delivered to the local buyers, or sold on the loose leaf market. So far as we have heard they all have received satisfactory prices for their tobacco and consequently their bank accounts have been largely increased and we poor merchants are feeling the effects thereof, and our people are of a class that they turn their money loose as soon as they get it to meet their obligation.

Gradyville Lodge No. 251 F. & A. M., were called to attend the rites of burial to our old brother, John McMahan, who resided near Summershade church, on the 23rd. Bro. McMahan had been afflicted for many years with a complication of troubles. While he was in his eightieth year, he bore his affliction with great fortitude. He was a Mason in the truest sense. Peace to his ashes.

Our farmers have put in the week gathering corn and slaughtering hogs, and we are glad to say that our crop of corn this season is far beyond an average, and when we have a good crop of corn our fat hogs come right along and our market will be supplied in a few days with plenty of spare ribs and fresh sausage.

We certainly were agreeably surprised last Wednesday morning, when we had the pleasure of shaking the hand of some of our friends that over thirty years had passed since we had the pleasure of seeing them. This was in person of Mr. William T. Carter, of Washington, Texas, a son of Mr. William and Mrs. Carter, who resided in our town thirty-five years ago, and his mother, a better woman never lived, and one that molded the character of so many young in this community. While she is

reaping her reward her memory and character lingers in this community and will as long as time last. We are glad that her son has made good in the world. He was accompanied by Mrs. C. Cloyd, of Nashville, and Miss Kate Dohoney, of Columbia. We were all certainly glad to see all of them, and shake their hands once more in the flesh.

In conclusion, we must say that Hazel Wilcoxson, who is next to Nimrod of old has just closed out part of his furs that he has caught this fall for \$46 in cash. Mr. Wilcox informed your reporter a few days ago, when he turned loose all of his fur caught this season he would give the amount to the readers of the News.

Big Elm.

I met up with a (would be Geologist) the other day and he asked me if I had studied Geology. I said I had a little. Well, he said: "I saw the sun and moon the other morning at the same time, how is that he said, one rising and the other setting." Well, I said to him, "you saw more than anyone else. Your question is in Astronomy and you asked me to answer it in Geology. I do not propose to answer in such mix up business. And now sir, I will write up something to the Adair County News and if they publish it, you can see something in Astronomy." Well, sir, I understand you do not believe the earth revolves on its axes. "No, sir, I don't." Well, sir, I will try and make that plain to you in the piece I write.

The Earth is one of the planetary bodies constituting the Solar System and performs an annual revolution about the sun at a mean distance of 95,000,000 miles in an orbit, varying a little from that of a circle. It also completes a revolution daily upon an axis which is inclined 23 degrees, 27 minutes to the plane of its orbit. The earth is about twenty-five thousand miles around, so the earth turns every part every 24 hours. Now, sir, you see we are traveling at the rate of about 1,041 miles an hour. Shucks, he says, don't you know that speed would tear all the timber off the whole creation, houses and everything would be swept away and every living thing would be dead and delivered sure. Well, my friend, you don't understand how that comes about. The earth and everything on it, including the atmosphere to the height of about forty-five miles moves with the earth, outside of that distance there is no atmosphere and of course there is no movement of anything on the earth. Every thing on the earth moves with the earth. That is the reason so many persons can't see how it is that the earth can turn over so fast and not disturb the atmosphere. The earth turns every part every twenty-four hours with out the least conceivable jar. Now, my friend, if you see this in print, I hope it will satisfy you, if not, come to me and I will try and get you out of darkness.

J. A. Turner.

In the Louisville election 147 precincts returns were made without the officers signing them which will delay the official count indefinitely.

HENRY W. DEPP
DENTIST
Gas Given For Painless
Extraction of
Teeth.
COLUMBIA, KENTUCKY.

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Established in 1837
Liberal assortment and
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TUTT'S PILLS
FOR OLD AND YOUNG
Tutt's Liver Pills act as kindly
on the delicate female or infirm
old age as upon the vigorous man.
Tutt's Pills
Tone and strengthen the weak Stomach,
Bowels, Kidneys, and Bladder.

WANTED.
Grey Foxes.
W. S. Hodgen.
Campbellsville, Ky

Do You
Smoke
Chew
TOBACCO
Try Old Taylor Twist.
It's Better

Craycraft.

The farmers are almost done gathering corn in this community.

The weather still continues to be good making work on the farm more pleasant.

Mr. Lucian Brockman is on the sick list at this time.

Mr. G. T. Bryant attended the funeral and burial of his mother-in-law, Mrs. Rhoda White, at Elkhorn; Taylor county., Monday of this week.

Mr. Charley Sandusky was in this neighborhood, one day this week, looking for timber.

Mr. Barney Rasner is through sawing logs at his mill yard at Craycraft unless he buys more logs.

Mr. Mac Grider is buying walnut logs in this community.

Mr. U. M. Grider is bailing hay on his farm this week.

Mr. Alexander was through this week, buying stock.

FIRE—
destroyer of credit



Insurance, the great Restorer

The reach of FIRE is great. No place, whether it is built of flimsy wood or sturdy concrete, is entirely beyond it. No building yet devised is proof against fire loss. Some materials merely RESIST fire longer than others.

No wonder, then, that the banker demands that perishable property be insured before he advances a loan upon it. He recognizes the fact that every piece of such potential fire—a mere heap of combustible materials that only awaits a moment's carelessness to spring into flame.

A \$20,000 house uninsured, in the mind of the banker, is merely a house—something that is standing today, but may be a smoking ruin tomorrow. The same house, insured, represents \$20,000 today, tomorrow, and all the time.

Don't you believe, then, that insurance deserves more of your consideration? Don't you believe that your Insurance Agent, the one man in your community who is able to protect you against loss, should have more of your confidence? Go to him. Tell him your problems. Let him ADVISE you—not merely give you a policy. His Insurance SERVICE is yours for the asking.

Reed Brothers

INSURANCE OF ALL KINDS

Phone 49.

Columbia, Kentucky.

Mr. Earstus McKinley is feeding two or three hundred head of hogs for the market. He has two hogs that weigh eighteen hundred or two thousand pounds.

Mr. W. H. Dixon sold his grist mill and engine to a party in Russell county.

Mr. George Harvey is burning a lime kiln on his farm this week.

Glensfork.

Hog-killing is the order of the day in this community.

The Bonnie Lucas circus and Wild West show was at this place last Wednesday night. There was a good crowd and all seemed to enjoy the show.

Mr. Robt Blair, of Highland Park, is spending this week here visiting his relatives and friends.

Mr. W. H. Hamon, of this place, went to Campton, Ky., last week, to visit his daughter, Pauline, who was in school there. Miss Pauline accompanied him home and will remain until after the holidays.

Mrs. Nannie May Loy, and little daughter visited Mr. F. P. Strange and daughters, of this place, last Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Ruby Morrison and little son, Joe Taylor, was visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Taylor, of this place last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Kelsay, of Columbia, were visiting relatives near here, last Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. C. C. Lewis, of Chance, Ky., was visiting Mr. O. T. Lewis

is one day last week.

Mr. Charley Thomas and family have moved to the Robt. Marshall property, near this place.

Mrs. Otha Miller, little son and daughter, of Columbia, were visiting her mother, Mrs. Wesley, near here, last Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. Johnnie Johnson, who has been in Highland Park for some time, has returned home.

Mr. George Helm had a new roof put on his barn last week.

Mr. I. F. Andrew bought two fat hogs from Mr. Henry Taylor.

The Early Marriages.

New York, Nov. 13.—In the United States there are:

Thirteen thousand girls 15 years old legally married.

Fifty thousand 16 years old legally married.

Sixteen hundred boys 15 years old married.

Three thousand boys 16 years old married.

No minority age limit for marriage in seventeen States.

Legal marriage age for girls 12 years and boys 14 years in nine states.

No prohibition of marriage of the feeble-minded in nineteen States.

Where prohibited the feeble-minded applicant may marry on his or her sworn statement of legal mental capacity.

In thirty-five States there is no prohibition of intermarriage of the white, black, brown, yellow and red races.

Inherited diseases cost \$50,000,000 for care every year of children of feeble-minded, tubercular and diseased parents, whose marriage was and would be now legal in most States.

Divorce, not obtainable on any ground in one State, is granted in another on evidence of bad temper of the husband or wife.—Early Marriages.

Cannot be United States Citizens.

Japanese cannot be naturalized in the United States and cannot become citizens of this country, the Supreme Court of the United States decided this week in its first construction of Federal statutes bearing on the subject.

The decision, which was the first delivered by Justice Sutherland as a member of the court, was handed down in a case brought by Takao OZawa, who in 1914 applied for citizenship in Hawaii.

The ruling is expected to attract wide attention not only in the United States, but abroad, notwithstanding the failure of the court to make any reference to its diplomatic significance.

The case has long been pending in the Supreme Court and last term when reached for argument during the conference on limitation of armament and Far Eastern questions, its consideration was postponed at the request of the department of justice.

No reference is to be found in the decision to the "gentleman's agreement" under which Japanese immigration into this country has been regulated.